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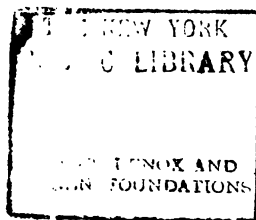
See also 1848.















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# EIGHT MONTHS

WITH

DR. <sup>Ludwig</sup> LEICHHARDT,

1815-1848.

IN THE

YEARS 1846-47.

**BY**

JOHN F. <sup>Federick</sup> MANN. 1819

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SOME explanation is due from me for only now, after the lapse of forty-one years, placing this narrative before the public.

With the exception of Dr. Leichhardt's letter to his friend, Mr. Lynd, dated from Mr. Russell's station, Darling Downs, 1st August, 1847, which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of the 24th of the same month, and a very fair account published by Mr. Bunce at Melbourne in 1859, no authentic report has as yet been recorded of this journey.

As the whole party were, soon after starting, so thoroughly prostrated by malarial fever as to be quite incapacitated from proceeding, no information of any importance beyond that already known had to be reported, and as the Doctor had written in favourable terms of his companions, I was content to let the subject rest.

I was not aware, however, that while Dr. Leichhardt had written thus favourably of his companions to his friends in Sydney, that he had written in quite the opposite strain to his friends in Germany.

In the *Sydney Morning Herald* of the 24th January, 1866, there appeared a letter copied from the *South Australian Register*, January 16th, in which the Doctor, in a letter to his brother-in-law, attributes the whole of his misfortunes to the bad conduct of his companions. To this I at once replied, and again let the matter drop.

A writer in the *Athenæum*, December 10th, 1881, in allusion to the probable fate of Dr. Leichhardt, adopts the adverse account, and in unmeasured terms attributes the failure of this expedition to the bad conduct of the members of the party.

For the sake of my children, myself, and the memory of my former companions, I now publish a true version of this journey in as brief a form as possible. As the country we then traversed has long since been occupied and is well-known, I have expunged all descriptive details—either botanical or geological—adhering solely to simple facts; and I leave my readers to form their own opinion.

JOHN F. MANN.

"KEREPUKU," NEUTRAL BAY,  
December, 1887.



# EIGHT MONTHS WITH DR. LEICHHARDT,

IN THE YEARS 1846-47.

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BY JOHN F. MANN.

THE name of Ludwig Leichhardt will ever stand high on the list of the intrepid explorers of this country. A glance now at the map of Queensland will show the magnitude of the journey so successfully undertaken by him in 1845. At that time nothing was known of the country between Darling Downs and the Gulf of Carpentaria. This vast tract, now occupied by settlers with their flocks and herds, gold and other mines, sugar plantations, and studded with thriving villages and towns united by rail and coach roads, was then a *terra incognita*. One settlement alone existed beyond Brisbane, this was Port Essington, at the extreme northern part of this territory, where a small detachment of the Royal Marines was established by the Imperial Government. To this *ultima thule* Dr. Leichhardt directed his steps when he left Jimbour, Darling Downs, about the latter end of September, 1844.

His return to Sydney on the 29th March, 1846, after an absence of eighteen months, took every one by surprise. He had long been given up as lost; many were the surmises as to his probable fate—he and his companions had been murdered by the natives, starved, died of fever of some sort, or carried away by floods—dirges had been chanted, and poems written to his memory. His sudden and unexpected re-appearance at once put an end to all these gloomy feelings.

It is not my object now to dwell upon the events of this, his first journey. I must refer those interested, to Dr. Leichhardt's own published account; my desire is to give a concise record of a so-called second journey, in which I was associated with him, and the causes which led to its failure.

Before commencing this account, I will state how I became connected with Dr. Leichhardt in this matter. During the period of suspense which hung over his fate, the late Sir Henry Watson Parker, in course of conversation suggested

that I should undertake a journey in search of him. I at once consulted many of my friends, amongst whom I may mention the late Colonel Gordon, Royal Engineers ; Lieutenant Lynd, Barrack Master ; Dr. Leichhardt's most intimate friend, Mr. T. W. Cape ; Mr. Wall, curator of the Museum, and many others, from each of whom I received much encouragement, and I at once commenced preparations for an expedition. While thus busily engaged, the return of Dr. Leichhardt was announced, thus altering my plans.

It was at the house of our mutual friend, Colonel Gordon, that I met Dr. Leichhardt at dinner : we recognised each other as having met some time previously at Brisbane Water. He was then on a pedestrian botanical tour ; I was engaged in making some surveys. After a lengthy conversation about this country and the unknown interior, and having afforded him an explanation as to the use of a Troughton Theodolite, which appeared to interest him much, we parted to meet again at the table of our host.

As Dr. Leichhardt expressed his determination to make a second journey, Colonel Gordon at once suggested that we should unite our forces, to which I readily agreed.

I shall not trouble my readers with an account of my doings during the six months which intervened before Dr. Leichhardt was prepared to start on his second journey ; suffice it to say that I saw him continually during that time, and was engaged as circumstances required in assisting in his preparations. He had decided upon taking mules as pack animals in preference to bullocks, consequently it was necessary for him to go by way of Stroud in order to obtain them, as he had purchased them from the A. A. Company, as well as to get his horses, which were awaiting him there.

The Doctor's intention was, to proceed direct to Peak Range, to expend a short time in exploring that locality, and then, by following a westerly course, endeavour to reach Swan river.

Everything being in readiness Dr. Leichhardt, accompanied by Messrs. Hovenden Hely and Daniel Bunce (the latter having only arrived from Melbourne on the previous day), left Sydney for Raymond Terrace *en route* for Stroud by the H.R.S.

Co's steamer "Thistle," on the night of September 30th, 1846; many friends and admirers assembled and gave hearty cheers as the vessel left the wharf. Messrs. James Perry, Bøecking and Meyer, three other members of the party, left on the following day by the "Cornubia."

The Government having presented the Doctor with ten head of cattle from the Brisbane herd, it was arranged that I should proceed by that route in charge of the heavy luggage, collect the cattle, and so join the Doctor on Darling Downs. Having been furnished by the then Colonial Secretary, the late Sir Edward Deas-Thompson, with an order for these cattle, I embarked on board the steamship "Tamar," Captain Allen, on the night of the 15th October, and arrived at Brisbane on the 19th. Mr. Armstrong, veterinary surgeon, had presented the Doctor with a white mule; this animal I took with me,

On enquiry, I ascertained that the cattle were depasturing at Ipswich, twenty-five miles from Brisbane, and as I learnt that I could obtain similar beasts on the Downs for the same price, namely, £2 10s. per head, I sold them, thus saving the expense of a drover and the risk of losing some of them on the road.

Finding it impossible, after a delay of many days, to obtain a dray for the carriage of the stores, I forwarded everything to Ipswich by the steamer "Experiment." Mr. Pearce, the owner, from whom I had received much assistance, kindly removed the whole free of charge. On the 6th October, in company with Messrs. John Bowie Wilson, M'Connell, and Gideon Scott, I proceeded to that place myself, stopping about midway to dine with Dr. Simpson, the Commissioner for Crown Lands. On the previous day the "Cornubia" arrived in the Bay, having on board Colonel Barney, R.E., Captain Perry, the Deputy Surveyor-General; Captain H. H. Brown, and many others, *en route* for Port Curtis.

At Ipswich, I received a letter from Dr. Leichhardt, dated from "Eton Vale," Darling Downs, the homestead of Mr. Arthur Hodgson, requesting me to call on Major North and make enquiries about some horses he had left in his care, and also to obtain some *rhubarb and magnesia*; these requests were duly attended to, Dr. D'Orsay, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make, kindly supplied me with what medicine he could spare.



On the 12th Nov., the dray with all the stores left for the Downs, and on the 17th, I had the great pleasure of handing everything safely over to the Doctor, who was then with his party at Gowrie, the station of Messrs. Hughes and Isaacs.

18th. From Raymond Terrace the Doctor had despatched Mr. Hely to Windemere to receive a flock of goats, two hundred and seventy in number, which he had purchased from Mr. Wentworth. This flock started this morning from Gowrie for Jondaryan, in charge of Wammai, or Tommy, a Port Stephens native, assisted by another blackfellow as a guide. As Mr. Meyers had left the Doctor at Stroud, our party was as yet one short in number.

At Gowrie we were busily engaged in arranging the loads and packs, which consisted of 1,000lbs. flour, 200lbs. tea, 200lbs. sugar, 200lbs. salt, 50lbs. gunpowder, 200lbs. shot, 6 bars of soap, about 20lbs. gelatine, tapioca, etc. The clothing, which consisted of two suits for each person, comprised moleskin trousers, woollen shirts, boots, socks, etc. One blanket, a varnished calico poncha, saddle, saddle bags, pint and quart pots, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking utensils. Eight guns, two swords, tomahawks, saddlers' implements, spade, etc., etc. Two tents were provided, these were made of the same material as the ponchas, varnished calico. They were about eight feet long, six feet wide, and about four feet six inches in height; the curtains were not above twelve inches deep, so that the top sloped nearly to the ground.

I had, before meeting with Dr. Leichhardt, provided myself with saddlery, gun and ammunition, sextant, artificial horizon, chronometer watch, telescope, clothing, blankets, etc., the whole of which were of the best description.

On the 20th of November we loaded the mules for the first time. On account of their vicious nature it was necessary to blindfold them, and then the saddle had to be buckled on cautiously. The load for each mule was arranged in three packs; the side packs were necessarily made of equal weight, which on this occasion weighed from eighty to one hundred pounds; these were fitted into strong leather cases or bags, and slung by means of stout straps and rings to the packsaddles; the third pack, of lighter weight, was placed on the top. A small square

of canvas covered the whole ; this was firmly strapped to the beast by a surcingle.

Twelve mules in all were loaded on this occasion. We started about 1 p.m. for Jondaryan, and journeyed along well enough until we came to a small watercourse, when the mules commenced to kick, and kept at it until the contents of three loads were scattered over the ground, and the others very much disarranged. Heavy rain had fallen the previous day, and now it commenced to fall again. This made things very uncomfortable and delayed us considerably. At length we made another start. Some distance further on, we came to a branch road, and, of course, took the wrong one. This compelled us to cross a deep creek, and, as darkness had set in, three mules and two horses escaped from us. On arriving at Jondaryan we were occupied for nearly three hours in unloading the mules ; the rain fell heavily, and the night was so dark that we could not see where they were ; but we soon forgot our troubles by the kindness we received from Mr. Andrew, the resident partner of the station.

November 21st. We were out by daylight in search of the missing mules. I found one with only the pad of the packsaddle hanging to it. The others were found at some distance away, the loads scattered in every direction, and it was noon before all the things were again collected.

Sunday, 23rd November. To our great delight, Mr. Turnbull arrived from Gloucester, to supply the place of Mr. Meyer, who had left the Doctor at Stroud.

Our party being now made up to its full compliment, it will be well to describe the members of it, now nine in number.

Mr. Hovendon Hely, who had joined the Doctor some time before his leaving Sydney, was a young gentleman of considerable ability. He had gained some knowledge of bush life, and of the management of cattle and horses while superintending his own stations ; he was a fair rider and a good shot ; he was over six feet in height, and apparently a powerful young fellow.

Mr. James Perry, our saddler, had no bush experience whatever ; he had been in the employment of Mr. John Knox, saddler, of Brickfield Hill, from whom Dr. Leichhardt had obtained all his saddlery, and had volunteered his services for this journey.

Mr. Böcking, like Perry, had never been in the bush ; he was a German by birth, and a tanner by trade ; for some time he had been employed as a baker, and was now to act as our cook ; he was a powerfully-built man, perhaps the strongest man in the party.

Mr. Daniel Bunce arrived from Melbourne the day before the Doctor left Sydney ; he was by no means a strong looking man, and the Doctor had great misgivings as to whether he would be equal to the duties and hardships he would have to undergo. For many years he had been employed as a botanical collector, and in that capacity he now accompanied us.

Mr. Turnbull had been in the employment of the A. A. Company at a cattle station on the Avon river, near Gloucester. The Doctor became acquainted with him on his journey from Stroud, and induced him to leave that service and to join him. He was a light, active young fellow, and had a fair knowledge of the management of stock.

Brown, a native of Newcastle, had accompanied the Doctor on his former journey. He was a very intelligent fellow, and had made two voyages as a sailor on board a whaler.

Wammai, or Tommy, the other black, was a native of Port Stephens.

Owing to the continual heavy rains we were unable to travel before the 2nd December, when, under the pilotage of Mr. Henry Stuart Russell, we moved on to Cross' station, a distance of about twenty miles. The cattle, thirty-four in number, having been sent in charge of Mr. Hely to "Cecil Plains," the homestead of Mr. Russell, about a week previously.

We remained at this station for two days. While here the Doctor received a message from Mr. Stephen, a gentleman who occupied the most advanced station on the Condamine river, requesting his immediate services, as he was suffering from acute rheumatism and was otherwise in a bad state of health. As the Doctor could not go, he sent Mr. Turnbull, who possessed some slight knowledge of medicine, with instructions how to act.

On the 5th we moved on to Ross' station (now, I believe, the site of the town of Dalby), and on the 6th we arrived at Jimbour, or the "Woolshed" the station of Messrs. Bell. Here we were joined by Mr. Hely, who brought the cattle across from

Cecil Plains, now increased in number by one bull and three cows, which Mr. Russell had kindly given to the Doctor; the bull, however, had turned restive and would not travel; on being urged along he had gored Mr. Hely's horse, very severely, in two places.

I should have stated before this, that we possessed four dogs. "Swift," a kangaroo dog; "Camden," a half-bred blood and kangaroo; "Wasp," a small rough terrier; and "Norval," a sheep dog. These were remarkably fine animals, each one being a good representative of its particular species. Poor Swift soon became very foot sore and had much trouble to keep up with us.

We left Jimbour on the morning of the 7th, Dr. Leichhardt and Mr. Hely driving the cattle; Mr. Bunce and Wammai the sheep and goats; and Messrs. Perry, Boecking, Brown, and myself the mules. Our stock consisted of fifteen horses, thirteen mules, forty head of cattle, two hundred and seventy goats, and upwards of one hundred sheep, the sheep and some of the cattle being gifts from the stockholders through whose runs we passed; Mr. Denis, of Jimbour, having given twenty of the former.

Our route was down the Condamine river on the right bank. Shortly after starting the Doctor told me to change places with Mr. Hely, Mr. Hely to drive the mules, and the Doctor and myself the cattle. The Doctor was extremely annoyed with Mr. Hely for having left a cow behind, and for having had his horse gored by the bull, and expressed his feeling in very forcible language. We crossed the river at about six miles, and arrived at a small plain, when the bull turned restive and sulky, he would not move for whip or any other persuasion, but charged both the Doctor and myself when we attempted to approach him. The Doctor, after having been nearly tumbled over, determined to leave him, and as Wammai appeared with the goats, he was ordered to fire at the beast, who received two charges of shot in his face in the most unconcerned manner, so we left him.

We arrived at Mr. Goggs' station about 4 p.m., the distance being about fourteen miles. The station was prettily situated on the banks of a long sheet of water, which was covered by water-lilies and wild ducks. Here one of our bullocks, a very wild beast, plunged in and swam across, and so escaped from

us. While putting the remainder of our cattle into the stock-yard, a cow from a small herd which was grazing close by rushed in with them ; of this I told the Doctor, who was conversing with the stock-keeper at the time. The Doctor made no remark, but the stock-keeper said that " he could not tell to whom these cattle belonged, they were a strange herd ; they appeared to be well bred, and would, no doubt, be soon claimed, so he had not disturbed them."

On the following morning, while letting the cattle out of the yard, two more beasts from the same herd joined in with ours. I immediately rode up and separated these three strangers. Dr. Leichhardt was at this time a short distance away watching the sheep, but when he saw what I was about he came towards me in a great passion. " D——n you, Mr. Mann, what are you about ?" he exclaimed, in a most excited manner. " I am going to take those cattle !" I told him that they were strangers, and that the stockman did not know either their brands or their owner ; he said, " Nevertheless, I shall take them. I am intimate with all the squatters on the Downs, and have their sanction to take any stray cattle I may require for my expedition." I replied— " In that case it is not too late to secure them ; but it would have been better to have acquainted me with these facts in the first instance, and so have avoided this unpleasantness." He then turned upon me, and with violent and abusive language asked me " whether it was customary for a general officer to explain his intentions to a private soldier, or for a private soldier to argue with his general, etc.?"

By the time he had finished his harangue the three strangers were safely with their own herd, and consequently did not accompany us.

Our day's journey was a very tedious one, owing to the patches of brigalow scrub, which had to be avoided, and the boggy nature of the soil. We encamped upon the river bank, and went to bed supperless, as the mules with all the provender had preceded us, and were at Mr. Stephen's, some distance

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\* On my return to Cecil Plains, I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Russell, who expressed his satisfaction at my conduct in this matter. The strange cattle were not his property, but he was responsible for them and had been searching for them for some time. See Mr. Russell's letter on this subject.

further down on the opposite side. Dr. Leichhardt again took the opportunity of impressing upon me that he was my general officer, and I a private soldier. On the following morning we moved down the river, and encamped immediately opposite to Mr. Stephen's station, when we crossed over and enjoyed a good breakfast. This station was situated on the left bank of the Condamine, at the extreme limits of civilization: the hut was only partly roofed in, sufficient to afford shelter from rain. Mr. Stephen was lying in almost a helpless state on a stretcher, and suffering much from rheumatism.

The place was surrounded by blackfellows, so that one of the two men in his employment had to keep continual watch, gun in hand; whilst Mr. Stephen himself had nearly a dozen guns in the corner of his hut within reach, ready for use. Mr. Turnbull, who had been here for a few days, had followed the Doctor's instructions so closely as to actually burn the flesh from the shoulders of the invalid by means of hot ashes placed on those parts.

This night, the 9th December, the party was divided into watches. Mr. Turnbull and Wammai, 7 to 9.30 p.m.; Dr. Leichhardt and Perry, 9.30 to 12 p.m.; Messrs. Hely and Bunce, 12 to 2.30 a.m.; and Bœcking and myself, 2.30 to 5 a.m. Brown kept no watch as his duty was to be up by daybreak, and gather the horses and mules.

The Doctor, taking advantage of our being altogether for the first time, addressed us, repeating what he had said from time to time on previous occasions. "That now, as we were about starting into the bush on a long and hazardous journey, he expected us at all times to give him our best assistance, to exert all our energies, and to cheerfully put up with all the troubles, annoyances and difficulties which most certainly would beset us; to obey him implicitly, and look to him as a leader; there would be no distinction or difference made between us, that, he included, would share-and-share-alike, in whatever provisions were available; no preference would be shown to one more than another, in fact we would act as though we were brothers, etc."

We at once gave our assurance that his wishes and interests would in every way be studied, that we would unite in giving our energies towards the success of the expedition, and that he

might at all times depend upon our support and assistance, etc. And afterwards among ourselves, as we stood hand in hand around our small camp fire, entered into a solemn compact to do all we possibly could to advance the expedition. We considered that our honor and credit as much at stake as was the Doctor's.

We encamped on Charley's creek on the afternoon of the 12th, after a tedious journey of two days, on account of the brigalow scrub and the boggy country. The mules, sometimes five or six of them at once, would suddenly sink in the ground. This caused us much delay, as they had to be unloaded and dug out. It rained heavily, and we were thoroughly drenched before we could pitch our tents.

It was evident that the mules were overloaded, for, although they were strong hardy animals, their restless motions caused the working of the load to make their backs sore. We dressed these sore places by pasting pieces of rag over them; this, at least, had the effect of keeping the flies, which were in swarms, from irritating those parts.

Our camp was well situated on the elevated bank of the creek; this bank receded considerably at one part, and encircled a small round flat adjoining a beautiful waterhole. It was on this flat that we encamped the cattle on the night of our arrival, and they quietly settled down on the same spot on the second night. About 10 p.m., during the Doctor's watch, the cattle made a sudden rush and broke away; the horses and mules also were seized with the panic. All fled, leaving only four tethered horses in the camp. Many were the surmises as to the cause of this sudden stampede. Perry, who was on watch with the Doctor, said that he "fancied he saw some one moving about amongst the cattle," when the Doctor admitted that he had gone amongst them for the purpose of making them accustomed to his presence—a very hazardous experiment for the fourth or fifth day only of our encamping out. This caused us the loss of twenty-five valuable days in recovering them.

Of course, no time was lost in searching for them; the cattle had strayed back as far as Mr. Goggs' station, and were brought back after a few days, but it was not until the 3rd January that all the mules and horses were recovered.

Dec. 15th. This morning the stockmen of Messrs. Hodgson and Goggs arrived, bringing with them "Argyle Jenny," a mule which had escaped from us at Jondaryan. They informed us of the return of Sir T. L. Mitchell from his expedition to "Tropical Australia," so Dr. Leichhardt determined to send Mr. Hely back to the Downs for fuller information on this.

My especial duty as appointed by the Doctor was to take charge of the stores and all the baggage; to weigh out and divide all the rations; and to be otherwise responsible for the good order of the camp.

As the Doctor was continually absent either with the search parties or reconnoitring, I took the opportunity of remodelling the camp. The Doctor held to the plan of having the whole of the luggage, saddles, etc., packed in one heap; this we soon found to be very inconvenient and caused much confusion. Each mule had a particular number, and all the trappings were correspondingly numbered. In order to load and unload, it was necessary to tie each mule to a tree; they could not all be tied to the same tree, consequently many of the packs had to be carried some distance, the trappings got mixed and so caused much annoyance, not the least being the difficulty of keeping the goods dry. I now caused each set of packs to be stacked separately at convenient distances in a circular form, so that loading could be carried on simultaneously; and I made the loaders responsible for their respective loads, which now were not only more easily protected from rain, but afforded us better cover against any sudden attack from the blacks. Dr. Leichhardt was so much pleased at the appearance of the camp that he there and then constituted me the "*Engineer of the Expedition.*" As we could not carry any poles suitable for our tents, we had to cut them at each camping place. Three were required for each tent; the ridge pole was fastened by one end to a sapling, and the other end was supported on two forked sticks.

Loading the mules had been thus arranged by the Doctor—Dr. Leichhardt and Perry, Hely and Bunce, Bœcking and Wammai, and Turnbull and myself, as "mates"; we each loaded three mules, or twelve in all.

Our daily allowance of flour was two pounds for the nine persons. This was made into a fatcake, that is, it was mixed up



solely with fat, no water being used in the composition, and was cooked in the frying pan. This utensil was of oval shape, and some little practice was required in dividing the cake into nine equal portions; the opinion of my companions was in the first instance taken. It was served out by touching a piece, while some one having his back turned called out a name. This plan was adopted in the division of all food.

The tea was made in one large boiler, which held about ten quarts. Our dinner-table was the ground, upon which was spread one of the small canvas squares; nine tin plates, and as many spoons and forks served to decorate the cloth: the effect was strikingly grand and impressive. Bœcking, who acted as our cook, made all these arrangements for our meals.

On the first day of our arrival at this creek we received a visit from some natives, five in number; they were encamped a short distance from us. This was a small party who gave us to understand by signs that they expected a numerous body of their countrymen in a short time. One of the men introduced himself as "Mr. Bell," and another as "Mr. Denis"; they had, no doubt, obtained these names from the owners of Jimbour. An old pair of trousers, which had gone the rounds of the tribe, and were sewn together by kangaroo sinew, was the only article of clothing possessed by the lot.

Having broken the handle of the frying-pan, the Doctor presented the broken piece and a small piece of red tape to the oldest man of the party. He received the gift without change of countenance, and placed them by his side, not even condescending to look at them; he expressed no surprise whatever.

We presumed that their intentions were good, for they became extremely excited, and made Mr. Bunce and myself come out of the water, where we were enjoying a bath, giving us to understand that the numerous small snakes which were swimming about were highly poisonous. On one occasion "Mr. Denis" was induced to go with Turnbull and Brown in search of the mules. A quiet horse was provided, and he was soon in the saddle, by catching the stirrup-iron by his toes; he took hold of the bridle, and retained any position he happened to be placed in, making a most ridiculous figure; the *nonchalant*

expression of his face was absurd in the extreme. The horse made a sudden start, and so jolted him out of the saddle, but he remained sitting on the horse's back, apparently quite satisfied, for it required some little persuasion to make him sit in the saddle again; a short pipe in his mouth, which he did not know the use of, added to the scene. This search party returned, having found one mule and one horse; so "Mr. Denis" was invited to dine with us, as some return for his services.

I had, during my rambles around the camp, met a solitary blackfellow, a wild-looking ruffian; his hair was kept off his forehead by a strip of a native dog's skin, his cheeks were slightly coloured with red ochre; I don't know whether he or myself showed the greatest surprise as we suddenly came upon each other. His eyes glistened, and his whole countenance was the expression of astonishment. As we were both unarmed, we were, so far, on equal terms; but I should have stood little chance in a personal struggle with this brawny, muscular savage. Fortunately he was well disposed; so, after shaking hands in the most friendly manner, I allowed him to examine me, which he did closely, by feeling my clothes, lifting my hat, poking me in the ribs, and pinching me on various parts of my body. Being satisfied with the inspection, he accompanied me to the camp, and had been for some days, a sort of self-constituted honorary member of our mess, apparently not taking any notice of what we were doing; but this day at dinner time, with "Mr. Denis" as our guest, he would not permit Bœcking to do anything. He spread the cloth, and arranged the plates, knives, and forks, having first cleaned each article with a cloth. He then, attired in the remains of an old cotton shirt, stood with a broken pipe in his mouth, in the exact place and attitude which Bœcking always adopted. I, however, reserved the privilege of dividing the bread and meat. About half-a-dozen wild-looking fellows stood at a respectful distance, looking on in quiet astonishment, and, no doubt, envying the exalted position of "Mr. Denis" and our would-be cook. The former made no progress with a knife and fork, he got on much better without them—that is, he laid down the fork, but seemed inclined to retain the knife, which he was not allowed to keep.

The number of the natives had greatly increased shortly after our arrival. We managed to keep the bulk of them out of camp, and they hovered around at a respectful distance. As Mr. Bunce asserted that he could speak in seven different dialects, his services as an interpreter were much sought for, but, although he attracted much attention, the blacks evidently did not understand one word he uttered. Mr. Bunce had the habit (apparently caused by an accident) of screwing up one side of his face, and so closing his eye; this, and other little peculiarities as to attitude, did not escape the notice of the natives. On one occasion he, after having prepared his pipe for a smoke in the usual orthodox manner, thrust his hand into his pocket, and exclaimed, "By G—d, I have forgotten my tobacco!"

About half a dozen wild fellows were standing with us at the time, among them a very fine youth—a perfect Adonis—who had become a great favourite in the camp. He at once imitated these movements so perfectly, including the facial contortion and verbal expression, that his performance "brought down the house." We burst into irrepressible laughter. The other blacks, noticing the approval which this act of their companion had brought forth, at once imitated him, or rather Bunce; the consequence was that afterwards, whenever they caught sight of Mr. Bunce, they would throw themselves into attitude, and exclaim, in almost unintelligible English, "By G—d, I have forgotten my tobacco!" Bunce did not enjoy the joke.

It was amusing to witness our two blacks, Brown and Wammai; they used every artifice to attract attention and to show their superiority. They persuaded me to allow them to wear their best suit of clothes, which consisted of a red shirt, moleskin trousers, and new boots; they made straps for their trousers with strips of opossum skins, leaving the fur on. Dressed in their best, they strutted up and down before these wild fellows, and I believe that they succeeded in securing admiration. Wammai threw a boomerang which had been lent to him; it soared well and gracefully around at a great height. Brown then essayed to throw one, but, from over excitement, his attempt failed; it fell to the ground a few yards in front of him. The poor fellow was sadly crestfallen; he retired at once from the scene, and did not show out again till dark, when, with a

very melancholy face, he brought his clothes back to me carefully folded up.

The majority of these natives had evidently not seen white people before they met with us ; their territory was situated far to the westward. They were on a visit to the local tribe, part of which was encamped here for the purpose of receiving them. On our arrival at first the few natives we found encamped here had, by signs, intimated that a numerous party were expected. One day "Mr. Denis" caught me by the shoulder somewhat suddenly and directed my attention to the forest on the opposite side of the creek, I noticed nothing for a time, when suddenly the place seemed alive with blacks, every tree and bush seemed to conceal one or more of them, they appeared to spring out of the ground, They advanced rapidly, and swimming the creek, crowded into the camp in spite of all endeavours to keep them away, we had much trouble in inducing them to retire at distance from us. Daily we had visits from them, and they readily danced a corroboree and sang songs for us, many of which Wammai recognised.

At the suggestion of Dr. Leichhardt, it was arranged that New Year's Day, Christmas Day, the Queen's Birthday and the Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo should be kept as feast days ; and that a certain amount of stores should be put on one side solely for those occasions. Consequently, on Christmas Day, 1846, we enjoyed a roast goat and tapioca pudding for dinner.

On New Year's Day, 1847, our dinner consisted of a sheep, suet pudding, and a fat cake. The Doctor had previously determined upon reducing the loads by leaving 200 lb. of flour behind ; but in consequence of our detention here we were enabled to indulge in much more than the quantity prescribed for our daily use. The day was fine, being almost the only day we had as yet experienced without a thunder storm.

Dr. Leichhardt had apparently forgotten his angry expressions in regard to the three cows at Messrs. Goggs' station, for he had taken every opportunity of complimenting me on my services and the assistance I afforded him, saying that "he did not know how he could get on without me, &c." ; but this day he alluded to the subject ; he told me that he was much annoyed

at losing the cows, and that I ought to have brought them on without any questions as he had leave to take them. I replied that I was ready to obey orders at all times, but that I could not guess at his intentions by instinct, and that it would be well in future to be explicit in his wants.

Each member of our party had suffered severely from blight, so much so that for a time some were quite, or partially blind. The swarms of mosquitoes and flies also caused us intolerable annoyance. Fortunately, I had provided myself with some sugar of lead and made a lotion, which greatly relieved the sufferers.

The blacks at length became so numerous and troublesome that Dr. Leichhardt determined upon removing the camp some distance ahead, and there await the arrival of Mr. Hely.

The mules and horses had been recovered, after much trouble, by the 3rd January, so on the 5th we packed up everything and made a start.

While loading the mules the blacks sat in groups watching our movements, the women and children at a distance. A horse galloping pleased them much, also a small piece of looking-glass, in fact, anything seemed to please them. They were everywhere, and we had to keep a sharp look out that nothing was stolen. Many of them moved about amongst the horses and mules catching hold of their tails or anywhere, and it was a wonder how they escaped the kicks which were occasionally lashed out at them. With all appearance of friendship, they were not to be trusted; there were many things which attracted their attention, such as knives, tomahawks, etc. We had our guns ready, but they were in such numbers that they could have inflicted much damage. They did not appear to be fond of bread, one old fellow, to whom I gave a piece, took a bite and laid the remainder down with apparent contempt. He was afterwards induced to take it, and walked off with it stuck well under his arm. He consoled himself by turning in between the Doctor's blankets.

Leaving Mr. Turnbull and Brown to return and meet Mr. Hely, we travelled on through a fine, open, "puffy" country, named by the Doctor on his first journey "Callitria," on account of the pine which abounded. On the 10th, we encamped upon

a branch of Dry Beef creek, having journeyed about forty miles. The country over which we had passed was undulating, alternately open forest, small plains, and large patches of dense brigalow scrub ; scenery in general very pretty, with good water and grass, and very suitable for stock.

We had travelled by short and easy stages not only for having to await Mr. Hely's arrival, but to inure the mules and stock to their work ; the cattle travelled steadily, but the mules caused us much trouble at times ; the backs of many of these were still very sore and their legs were much cut by the hobbles.

Mr. Hely rejoined our camp on the 13th. We were greatly delighted to be altogether again. We were in hopes that the information he might have received would in some measure compensate for the time lost at Charley's creek. Unfortunately, owing to some alteration of the mails, he was unable to obtain any news of much consequence. By the papers he had, it appeared that Sir T. L. Mitchell was on his way back to Sydney, having discovered some fine country, and a river flowing to the north-west.

In a new country before it is occupied by stock, walking across it is similar to passing over slightly frozen snow three or four inches deep, there is a crispness on the surface and the tracks of the smallest animal are readily seen ; such soil known as "puffy" is soon trodden to dust.

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## PART II.

ON the following day, the 14th, we were in great spirits as we again loaded our mules for another start. All our party were now together, cattle, horses, mules, goats, and sheep. During our stay at this camp we had been visited by many natives, who, however, kept at a respectful distance. I interviewed many of them, one man I found to be both deaf and dumb. While loading the mules numbers stood around evidently much surprised at our movements.

The Doctor as usual led the way mounted on his charger, compass in hand, closely followed by Perry, who led a quiet mule which carried the packs containing the most valuable articles, books, papers, sextant, powder, matches, cooking utensils, plate chest, etc.; then followed the mules, driven by Bœcking and myself; the cattle driven by Hely and Brown, and the rear was brought up by the sheep and the goats, driven by Bunce, Turnbull, and Wammai.

The Doctor was a tall man, six feet in height; he had lost a considerable amount of flesh since leaving Sydney which gave him the appearance of greater height. He wore at this time a Malay hat of conical shape, a most serviceable covering; the lower part of his face was hidden by a bushy, light-brown beard and moustache; a very old, greasy, long tweed coat, which had seen service on a former occasion, partly hid a red woollen shirt; his moleskin trousers did not quite reach to his low boots, these were tied with string. He preferred to carry a sword as he could not use a gun, this was slung in such a manner—the handle projecting behind him—that he would have found it a difficult matter to grasp it in case he required to do so. Being now troubled with boils, he had one stirrup as long and the other as short as possible.

We passed a conical hill of sandstone to our right, named after Mr. Gilbert, who ascended it on the Doctor's former journey; also the grave of a blackfellow, which was hollowed out of a white-ant's nest and covered with bushes. Called the place "Dead Man's creek."

On the 15th we encamped at a waterhole near the Dawson River. We disturbed a party of blacks who were securing mussels by means of their feet from the muddy banks; but we remarked that though muddy, the water made excellent tea.

The Dawson and tributaries were so swollen by flood waters, that we did not find a crossing place till the 22nd, when the Doctor, after reconnoitring, discovered a large tree which had fallen from bank to bank by means of which he decided upon crossing over.

On our journey, so far, we had passed over much open undulating country, including Calvert's Plains, separated by belts of dense brigalow scrubs. From the high ridges and hills most charming views of the surrounding country were obtained, especially from a ridge which the Doctor named "Bottle-tree Ridge" on account of the many trees of that description growing there (species of *sterculia kurrajong*). From that point we obtained extensive views of Gilbert and Lynd's Ranges. Much of the country had quite a park-like appearance, and was apparently well suited for pastoral purposes.

Our stock travelled well; the lesson we experienced at Charley's creek as to their management was not lost upon us. The Doctor cautiously avoided walking amongst them at night, so by careful treatment they were commencing to encamp close to our tents and were getting accustomed to our movements. The Doctor, however, would persist in trying his taming qualities with the mules; in spite of all cautions, he would walk up to the heels of a mule as readily as to its head; the consequence was that he received such a kick in the stomach from one of them as to completely double him up for some time. I thought that he was seriously injured, but he regained his breath after a few struggles.

Our long detention—twenty-five days—at Charley's creek had enabled us to reduce the amount of flour very considerably, so that the mules travelled along under lighter loads; but not a day passed without one or more of them coming to grief, either by sinking in the soft boggy soil or muddy watercourses, or otherwise by kicking their loads off for apparently no reason whatever; occasionally they were attacked by hornets, and so had good cause to become restless.



The day previous to our arrival on the river, Brown and Wammai were for a long time absent; so I went in search, and soon discovered them. Wammai was lying full length on the ground face downwards, while Brown was busily engaged in ornamenting his back, by cutting short parallel gashes from his shoulders to his heels. Wammai's back was bleeding profusely; he had evidently admired, and was copying the patterns scored upon the back of the young Adonis whom we had seen at Charley's creek.

On encamping Wammai at once devised a plan for getting the sheep and goats across. He felled two long saplings, which were launched forward as far as possible at about four or five feet apart. Unfortunately they did not reach the opposite bank by about three feet, so were supported on forked sticks; he then laid cross pieces along them, and covered the whole with sheets of bark and branches of trees. Notwithstanding the soreness of his back, consequent upon the operation he had undergone, he worked vigorously at this by himself, while we were engaged in carrying the packs across by the fallen tree. This was a very tedious operation, for the ground was so muddy, that the loads had to be carried some distance before a dry spot could be found to stack them on.

When all the baggage was across, we turned our attention to the sheep and goats. In the first instance we passed a few across the river, so as to serve as a decoy; and then, after much coaxing, the others commenced to walk along Wammai's bridge. Upwards of fifty crossed by this means, and we were congratulating ourselves, and Wammai too, on the success of his engineering skill, when suddenly the whole platform gave way, and the sheep upon it were thrown into the river. The water was flowing with great rapidity, and we had much difficulty in saving them.

The remaining sheep and the goats were then "rounded up," and, standing in the water, we were passing them across one by one very satisfactorily, but too slow for the Doctor; he tried to "rush" them across; consequently they dispersed in all directions so that we were compelled to give chase and catch them as we could, which, owing to the muddy state of the ground, was most fatiguing. Five goats and two sheep were washed down by the stream and drowned.

The horses and cattle were readily driven over. This operation occupied us till dark. For our exertions the Doctor allowed us an extra fat cake and sugar.

We resumed our journey on the following morning, the 23rd, by following up Palm-Tree creek, which, however contained but little water. The palms (*coryphus*) were very beautiful. We stripped some of them in order to obtain the young shoots in the centre of the tree, which we found extremely palatable.

On the second day, after leaving the Dawson, we came upon a fine reach of water, and thinking it to be a river, we gave a loud cheer as we rode up to the bank ; but the Doctor soon dispelled our hopes by informing us that he traced it downwards on his former journey, and found it to end in a swamp. Our course was upwards, and in about two miles we arrived at the source—a small waterhole.

We shortly afterwards came upon the "Robinson," which here took a southerly direction. The bed of this river was about one hundred feet across, and sandy ; the banks high and steep, the water very partial, and to be found only in small holes. As the day had been extremely hot, our cattle, as well as ourselves, had suffered much from thirst.

Altitude one thousand and twenty-eight feet. We followed the valley upwards for two days. As this river flowed through mountainous country our progress was slow ; our route at times being over steep ranges densely timbered with a variety of beautiful trees, amongst which were palms in great clusters, bottle trees, pine, oak, etc. We also passed through a grove of sweet scented *myrtaceous* plants and a species of *tristanea*, with apparently a new kind of clematis. The scenery in general, wild and interesting.

On the 28th, we remained in camp in order to enable the Doctor to reconnoitre, as well as to enable us to repair the many damages done to the packs and saddles by being torn against trees and rocks.

On the 29th, we continued our journey. The valleys we traversed were extremely picturesque, being studded with *arborescent zamia*, cypress pine (*collitris*), dogwood (*Jacksonia*), and many other trees. They were hemmed in by banks, or hills, of great height and steepness, from the summit of which

extensive views of the surrounding country were obtained. Expedition range, with mounts Nicholson and Aldis were conspicuous objects ; the latter being a perfect cone. The country ahead was intersected by the deep ravines and gorges of Ruined Castle creek. Owing to the precipitous nature of the country we had much difficulty in finding a pathway by which we could descend into this valley. At length, proceeding by single file around the base of perpendicular cliffs we reached the main watercourse. The valley soon opened out to a fine grassy country, surrounded by high hills topped by sandstone cliffs. Water seemed plentiful, and numerous branches united with the main stream. We traced this valley up for about ten miles and encamped the whole day, 3rd February, Wednesday. This afforded us a further opportunity for repairing damages, and for exploring the locality.

The name "Ruined Castle creek" was most appropriate. From the top of one of the high hills a remarkable view was obtained, immense clusters of sandstone rocks occupied the summit of every hill, these, piled together, in every fantastic shape presented the exact appearance of ruins.

Since leaving Charley's creek we had been visited almost daily, by thunder storms more or less severe which wet us to the skin before we could obtain shelter, consequently several of my companions complained of colds and influenza. Mr. Hely had been suffering much from faceache, so much so, as to prevent him from keeping watch, and had to remain in the tent. The doctor not liking to be thus crowded, caused Hely and Turnbull to draw lots as to who should leave the tent. The lot fell to Hely to leave ; this was most unfortunate, as our watches had been so arranged that no more than three should occupy a tent at one time, and as the rainy weather had apparently set in, we each one of us sought shelter.

February 4th. We again made a move, having had to leave our grey horse behind in consequence of lameness so that he was unable to travel. We followed up several valleys before we could find an exit, on account of the perpendicular cliffs ; at one place our progress was completely stopped by the impenetrable nature of the vegetation, and encamped in the afternoon on Zamia creek.

5th. We were now on the Doctor's original track, following the course of the Zamia creek downward, we passed "Wonga Wonga" camp, and about noon encamped on "White Wallaby camp," both old stopping places of the Doctor's.

6th. Made a short stage this day as one of our mules was absent. Turnbull and Brown went in search and overtook us some time afterwards. Mr. Hely suffered so much from his face that the Doctor undertook to extract a tooth for him, by means of a bullet mould, and succeeded most effectually in breaking the tooth and adding to the pain. Altitude one thousand four hundred feet.

On the 8th we encamped on Erythrina creek, having crossed Expedition creek, the travelling had been very heavy and severe on the poor mules, the scrubs were dense and extensive, and the ground soft and muddy, so not a day passed without an accident. Altitude nine hundred and fourteen feet.

On the 9th we encamped at the foot of Expedition Range. It rained incessantly during the previous night, and throughout the day. Mr. Bunce complained of feeling unwell.

On the 10th it rained so heavily as to prevent our making a start till late, at length we managed to load the mules and ascended the range by a steep ascent. From the top the view was extensive. Mount Nicholson, a fine, bold, flattish-topped mountain, was a conspicuous object; to the south and west were the cliffs of Ruined Castle creek, and Mount Aldis, a perfect cone in the valley below. By 5 p.m. we were safely across the range and were glad to find a camping place. This was a very severe day's work both for ourselves and the mules.

As our position proved to be a very convenient one with plenty of grass around, I suggested that we should remain for a day to give the mules some rest after the difficult country we had traversed during the last few days, and so give Perry an opportunity of altering some of the pack saddles as most of the mules had very sore backs, but the Doctor dissented, so we pushed on in the rain.

Poor Bunce was so unwell as to be scarcely able to sit on his horse, and Wammai also complained of not feeling well, so the Doctor dosed both with an emetic.

In consequence of the flooded state of the country, the Doctor was unable to carry out his first intention of crossing the

head of the Comet by Albinia Downs. The water in this river and its tributaries overflowed the banks in many places, so that our journey during the following twenty-two days, or to the 5th March, when we arrived on the Mackenzie river, was a continual struggle through dense brighalow scrubs, across swollen creeks, and through swamps and mud.

Our route was under water for miles, so much so, that we often had difficulty in finding a suitable camping place, and then it was necessary to cover the ground with branches to keep us out of the mud and to sleep on, as the water would run under us as we laid on the ground; the rain was incessant; of course we were wet to the skin, and frequently it was with difficulty we could light a fire to cook and dry our clothes. On one occasion the river rose so suddenly during the night as to cause us to make a hasty retreat, and in a short time our camping place was quite submerged.

Not a day passed without some difficulty with the mules. Their small feet offered no resistance to the soil; they sank at once to the girths. On these occasions, it was necessary to hasten to their assistance and secure them before they rolled over, thereby, not only causing damage to the load, but they ran the risk of getting smothered or drowned. The Doctor got greatly incensed at the delay caused by these accidents, many of which he could have prevented. Doctor Leichhardt led the way, followed by the mules; when he came to a soft impassable place, he turned aside to avoid it, but allowed the mules to proceed and so they got bogged before either Bœcking or myself could head them back. I suggested to him, in the quietest manner possible that if, on coming upon a swampy place, he would at once stop the advance of the mules, many of these accidents would be avoided. For some reason of his own, he did not care to adopt my request, and it was not until he had more practical proof of the necessity of carrying out my suggestion that he yielded.

On coming one day upon a small, but very muddy, water-course, some of the mules ran down the bank and three of them got helplessly bogged, so much so, that their heads were under water; there was no time to be lost, Bœcking and myself, closely followed by Perry, hastened to the rescue. Each seized

a mule by the head and held its nose above water. We were still in a helpless position, for the animals had to be unloaded. The Doctor, who was watching us from the bank, was at length induced to come to our assistance. He relieved me of my mule, when I hastened to one of the others whose load, which contained salt—a perishable article—was fast sinking in the mud. I carried the packs to dry land, and so released the animal. The Doctor was furious; he could not control his temper, for he and Perry, were compelled during this time, to stand in the water, each holding a mule's head up. After this, he generally checked the advance of the mules on approaching a swampy place; but he did it very reluctantly.

Irrespective of these accidents, we suffered immensely from the attacks of mosquitoes and sand flies; the last named insects put in an appearance about sunrise, and swarmed into our faces like dust. They filled our eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and caused most intense irritation. They did not confine their attacks to us, but extended their visits to the animals, and so gave an additional excuse to the mules for getting rid of their loads. We were compelled to light fires while loading them. At daybreak, we would light three or four fires when the cattle, horses, and mules would rush up, stand in the smoke, and trample the ashes under their feet. On one or more occasion they took possession of our camp fire and damaged our cooking arrangements.

Sunday, 28th February. We were detained for some time this morning on account of our cow having calved. The Doctor determined upon taking the calf on with him, so we placed it on the top of a load. The mule did not approve of the arrangement. The calf commenced to call out—I presume for its mother—so the mule began to kick, which did not silence the calf; the mule was in earnest, however, and had made up his mind to get rid of his load by some means, and it is difficult to say where the poor calf would have been sent to, had it not been securely fastened to the pack saddle by its legs. This little game was taken up by all the other mules, who seemed to sympathise with their brother with the calf; and for a time the whole of them were plunging and kicking at once. It was a wonder that the unfortunate animal was not killed for

it was sent flying, first on one side, and then on the other of the mule. We caught the mule and released the calf. The Doctor then caused a hole to be cut in one of the canvas squares for the animal's head to come through, and then, by the aid of straps, ropes, and a little management, we brought it along safely. On arriving in camp, Mr. Hely and Turnbull with considerable ingenuity, constructed a "bush bail" with the intention of milking the cow, who was inclined to be rather wild, so we coaxed her up, and had nearly succeeded in getting her head into the bail, when the Doctor, with his usual impatience, rushed up, and so belaboured her with a stick, that she ran off bellowing, and would take no further notice of the calf.

As several of the goats had kidded, an attempt was made to rear the poor thing on goats' milk, and it was kept alive by this means for a few days, when it was killed and boiled down bodily for our consumption.

Though the Doctor had belaboured the mother, he appeared to take great interest in the daughter; one morning the calf was missing and he started off in search of it, this was an unusual act for him to do. I accompanied him, but our search was fruitless. I told him a story I had read, I think, in "Gil Blas," of two Aldermen of some Spanish town going in search of an ass. They agreed to imitate the braying of that animal, and started off in opposite directions, but they both imitated the sound so naturally, that they continually took each other for the ass, so had to devise some other plan. I now suggested that we should both imitate a calf; I told the Doctor to hold his nose and say "moo." After some practice we separated, going on each side of a small patch of scrub, the Doctor holding his nose and making an awful noise; my attempt was apparently better, for he came through the scrub to me thinking that he had found the calf. We had a laugh, returned to the camp, and found that Perry had discovered the animal, without having imitated any beast.

We were daily followed by natives, who kept well out of our way, but their tracks were numerous in the soft mud; they overturned our camping places as soon as we vacated them. On one occasion in following some mules which were going astray, I suddenly came upon the bank of the river, and disturbed a large

number of them, who were encamped on the opposite side; they fled at once, leaving everything behind them, the women screaming loudly; one woman, however, ran back and hastily seized something from her gunyah, which, as she threw it over her shoulder, proved to be an infant.

4th March, 1847. Mr. Bunce who had been very ill, had now rallied a little, and Wammai complained of not feeling well; but this day Perry showed such unmistakable signs of fever that the Doctor was compelled to take some notice, so he stripped Perry, and led the poor trembling fellow down to the river, and for about twenty minutes or half-an-hour poured water over him, saying that it "was a certain cure for fever in the early stages," and recommended bathing to us all. He attributed this outbreak of illness to our having too much to eat, so reduced the number of our meals from three to two each day. This conjecture was a very remarkable one. Two pounds of flour per diem amongst nine hungry bushmen besides meat, was not a diet likely to disagree with them. It is true that we were not always stinted to goats flesh, but that was such miserable tough stuff as to be almost uneatable; there was not an ounce of fat in the whole flock. The sheep were in fair condition, and it was a day of rejoicing when one became so lame as to be unable to travel. The Doctor was in an excited state, and declared that *if we got all ill, he had no means of curing us.*

As it was evident by the flooded state of the river that we would not be able to cross for some time, we at once set to work and erected a large gunyah, or shed of boughs, as a protection against the weather.

The Doctor was taken ill the night of our arrival on the Mackenzie, and for nine or ten days was in a deplorable condition. Perry, unable to stand, Bunce, by no means well, and Turnbull complaining. Mr. Hely and Brown were added to the sick list on the following day, the 7th, and Wammai on the 10th. Bœcking and myself for several days were alone able to get about and attend to our duties and the sick. Our shed was now known as the hospital, and it proved most serviceable, for the rays of the sun at times were very powerful, the thermometer showing 94 deg. and 95 deg. at noon.



I told Bœcking that it was "either he or me for it next." He laughed, and said that he would not give in. I told him not to boast; that I thought his eyes were not so bright as usual. The following day, the 12th, poor Bœcking was added to the sick list. He tried to make some tea for the sick fellows, but would have fallen into the fire, had I not been close by, and so saved him. I spread his blanket in the hospital, and in a few minutes he was in a burning fever. I was now—until the 24th, when I was taken ill myself—left the sole occupant of the camp who could move about freely; occasionally some of my companions rallied a little, and so assisted at such work as their strength permitted. Fortunately, the horses and cattle had not strayed; they appeared contented, so that I was enabled to look after them.

The camp did not present a cheerful scene; the groans and ravings of many of the poor fellows were pitiable to listen to; their wants were many and various and could not be supplied. I had never been amongst sickness before, so everything was strange to me. At night we were enlivened by the mournful howls of numerous native dogs, which surrounded us. One, who managed to evade the vigilance of our dogs, was shot at my feet by Turnbull as I laid on the ground.

On the 19th the Doctor had so far recovered as to be able to move about a little. During his illness, he occupied his tent by himself, except when it rained, and this was frequent. I had made a small hut, or gunyah, for myself, mid-way between the hospital and the Doctor's tent, so that I could be within call of anyone. On the previous night, as the clouds looked threatening, I crawled into the tent then occupied solely by the Doctor. In doing so, I accidentally placed my hand on one of his (he was laying on his back, his arms stretched out). He immediately grasped it, and drawing me to him, kissed me, and made me kiss him. He was in great distress and low spirits. He complained sadly of the state of his health and of the illness which now beset us. He expressed himself as going "down, down, down"; he could not survive the misfortune which had now overtaken him; it was killing him. "What have I done to offend Providence that he should treat me thus? Why has my good luck forsaken me? Surely my guiding star has not yet set. There is still

fame and fortune for me, why am I thus troubled? I will die in Australia for Australia," etc. He added that he had never before felt so ill as on the Dawson; that he purposely kept his feelings from us; that some pills Turnbull possessed had saved his life, "made a new man of me," was his expression. I tried to cheer him up and to reason with him. I told him that if we could only cross the river, and get upon the high lands of Peak Range, that we felt we would be all right again. I could answer for my companions, whom I knew to be much distressed at their helpless position. After a pause he said, "Well, I still hope to see the object of my desires fulfilled, and when we arrive at Swan River we will have our portraits set in one frame." He added, "We never had such wet weather as this before, only an occasional thunderstorm; no long continuous rains, no such swampy or boggy country to travel over. If we came upon a soft place, our bullocks would wade leisurely through it; now, our mules sink at once to the girths, and give us no end of trouble. I never experienced such troubles before, and here, at the outset, we are beset with them." I told him that we ought to have been prepared for every emergency; but he would not admit that he had made any mistake or neglected anything; so, wishing each other good night we fell asleep.

A day or two before this, the Doctor had issued an order that no flour should be used, as he thought that it disagreed with the sick. This was a sad disappointment to us all, as the usual allowance of a few ounces of bread was looked upon as the "morsel of the day." Having obtained about two quarts of milk from the goats, he now caused it to be boiled with flour, and so make what is generally known as "skilly goree." Bœcking had sufficiently recovered to act as cook; but before it was half ready, the Doctor commenced to eat it, and called out to me that if I wanted any I had better come at once. I was then a short distance away, cutting down saplings. I did not require to be called twice, so ran up and secured my share.

There was much to be done about the camp besides herding the cattle. During our journey down the Comet, the packs and the saddles, as well as our clothes, had got much broken and torn. So Perry, as his health permitted, was busily engaged in repairing the saddles. Mending the flour and other bags fell to

my lot, and as the Doctor had decided upon building bush yards for the purpose of enclosing the sheep and goats when crossing the river, all available strength was employed from time to time in cutting saplings and dragging them to the river side.

The Doctor declared that the outbreak of illness was in consequence of our not having any vegetable food; so we managed to collect a quantity of a small species of cucumber, which were very palatable when roasted in the ashes or boiled.

In accordance with the Doctor's suggestion, which was most unanimously agreed to by us all, I took the opportunity of weighing out fifty pounds of flour, and fifty pounds of sugar, which, with the tapioca (about ten pounds) and gelatine (five pounds) was to be put aside as reserve stores, to be held sacred, and to be used only on certain occasions. The fête days, which we selected for the enjoyment of these proposed feasts, were the Queen's Birthday, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, Christmas Day, and Anniversary Day, the 26th January.

On our arrival here, Mr. Bunce had planted some vegetable seed, which grew well, especially the mustard and cress, so that he promised to produce some of it for dinner, and the sick fellows were looking out anxiously for it. The morning of the 23rd, on visiting the spot, for the purpose of gathering it, to his astonishment there was but little left. This, he brought on a plate, and showed to me. I told him to report to the Doctor, which he did. The Doctor then admitted that for two or three mornings he had gathered it himself, and found that it agreed with him. "Let those who want it gather for themselves," was his considerate remark.

Mr. Bunce, in his published account, "Travels with Doctor Leichhardt in Australia," page 156, thus describes this affair :

MR. BUNCE'S JOURNAL, MARCH 23RD, 1847.

"The invalids were a little better this morning. I went down to the banks of the Mackenzie river with a tin plate and knife, to cut a dish of mustard and cress, which I had sown, and which I promised them as being ready for use this day. On arriving, however, at the spot, judge of my surprise and disgust at finding that the whole of it had been cut, and that too by someone wearing European boots. Now, I knew that we were surrounded by wild blackfellows, who might have cut it, although it was not probable; but when I considered that they were not

in the habit of wearing boots, my suspicion rested on three persons only—namely, Dr. Leichhardt, Mr. Mann, or myself, the others being too ill to get about. Of course I was in a position to account for my own innocence in the matter, and as I had an equally good opinion of Mr. Mann, I was compelled to appeal to Dr. Leichhardt for a solution of the mystery, who at once admitted that he had cut and eaten it. This admission on the part of the Doctor was a sore disappointment to the poor helpless invalids, who were unable to eat anything as substantial as meat, and had been led by me, for the last few days, to expect on this particular day a dish of this salad. Dr. Leichhardt observed that there would be more fit for cutting in two or three days, and if the invalids liked to cut it themselves, they might have it, but not otherwise. This was tantamount to saying they should not have it, as they were not capable of moving twenty yards from their blankets without assistance."

For some time we had misgiving as to the completeness of our stock of medicine, the box known as the "medicine chest" contained tins of arsenical soap, alum, and nitre, for the purpose of preserving the skins of birds and small animals; half an ounce of quinine, tartar emetic, and laudanum, a small phial of each. There was no ointment, bandage, lint or plaster of any sort. We were constantly getting bruised and wounded, the remedy for any abrasion was by soaking a piece of rag in lye water, made by boiling ashes; all linen required for this purpose was obtained from a worn-out shirt of mine. When Mr. Turnbull arrived from Gloucester, he had with him a box of pills, and some sulphur in a worsted stocking. The surgical instruments consisted of one knife, for skinning birds and animals, and a bullet mould, for drawing teeth.

Fortunately, I had provided some nitrate of silver and sugar of lead, by means of which the Doctor supplied the households of Gowrie, Eton Vale and other places on the Downs, with eye lotion, as many of the occupants were suffering from blight. At Charley's creek each one of the party suffered more or less from this painful complaint; these cases I attended to myself with satisfactory results.

The Doctor was so positive that he possessed every medical requisite that at Jondaryan he compelled Mr. Hely and myself to get rid of a small quantity of medicine which had been put up for us by Mr. Morgan, chemist, Pitt-street. I think that I gave my packet to Mr. Zuill. Some of my companions were sadly in

want of medicine, and suffered greatly in consequence. I said to the Doctor, what a pity we had not some more of the pills, which you admit had, when on the Dawson, saved your life. "Made a new man of me," he replied. "I had a bottle of them last time, and only one was used; what was the use of lumbering the baggage; if Turnbull has no more pills he has sulphur, use that." But Turnbull, owing to the Doctor's representation, had thrown the sulphur away. The remaining pills were crushed in Turnbull's saddle bags; by scraping each article we obtained enough to make two, which we gave to the greatest sufferers.

24th. The flood-waters had now subsided considerably, but the construction of the bush yard had progressed very slowly, by reason of our inability to work at it.

As the Doctor intended leaving letters at this camp, I took the opportunity of writing a few lines; at this the Doctor was very indignant, and wanted to know what I wanted to write about; that I ought to be working at the bush yard. I finished my letter, however, and then assisted at the yard; I had felt unwell all the morning, so after working for an hour or two, I was forced to give in, and Bœcking assisted me to a vacant place in the hospital. For many days, after grasping the tomahawk, I could not extend my fingers to release my hold without assistance, nor could I straighten my limbs after keeping them for any length of time in one position. I mentioned this to the Doctor; he said, "it is nothing, you have only a cold hanging about you."

25th. This morning the sheep and the goats were yarded, and were being crossed over the river steadily and slowly—I could not assist but watched the proceedings—when the Doctor rushed amongst them; they broke through the yard and scattered in every direction. This was very annoying and distressing especially in the weak state we were in, eventually they were got across after an infinite amount of labour; four goats were drowned in the process. By the following day, the 26th, everything was safely across, and an encampment formed on the northern bank.

Having been detained for three weeks on the southern side of the river, we were now doomed to a further delay of ten days on the northern side; so our hopes of a speedy journey to a

healthier locality were dispelled. Here every member of the party again became hopelessly ill, so that at times we could afford no assistance to each other. The Doctor, in addition to a severe toothache, complained of violent palpitation of his heart and in his head. In consequence of the sloping nature of the bank, our camp was a long distance from the water. The intervening space was covered with mud and sand the result of the recent flood. Obtaining water was a severe task, it took two of the strongest to carry half-a-bucket at a time.

The sun was intensely hot, and the natural foliage afforded us no protection whatever against his rays; no branches were available for a screen, and our tents, which we could not pitch satisfactorily, afforded us little shelter against the thunder storms at night. The cattle and horses had become very restless, so that it was with great difficulty our two blacks, with occasional assistance, could keep them together.

On the 27th, I had rallied sufficiently to enable me to take a walk up the river, and by means of a hook and line managed to secure two fine fish, which were very acceptable in the camp.

April 6. The doctor now determined upon moving forward some forty or fifty miles with the cattle, sheep, and goats, to leave them in charge of some of the party, and then to return for the mules and baggage. Accordingly, he started this morning, leaving Mr. Hely and myself in the camp. We did not expect to see him for some days, but he returned on the evening of the 7th with Wammai as most of the cattle had got away. He now decided upon taking the mules back with him; so by the evening of the 8th, after a long day's toil, they were caught and tethered for the night, and were all loaded by eleven the following day. When about to start, we missed one mule. As he could not be readily found, we were forced to unload all the animals and let them go again, as they had been fastened up for many hours with nothing to eat. The Doctor, Wammai, and myself then went in different directions in search of the lost mule. Two packs were found after some time, but the third, which contained matches, gun caps, and other important articles, we could get no trace of. The Doctor and I met during the search, on the top of a steep bank near the river, and while discussing this additional misfortune, his horse stumbled,

and he rolled head over heels down the bank. I hastened to his assistance, when, to my astonishment, I discovered him lying amongst the contents of the missing pack. These, with the Doctor, were soon collected, and we returned to the camp rejoicing.

On Sunday, 11th, we managed to get away, and after a tedious journey of about twelve miles, arrived at the advanced camp about 5 p.m. The Doctor, as usual, led the way, Hely and myself drove the mules, and Wammai the cattle, which we most fortunately met as they were steadily making their way back again. We were very tired with our day's exertions; the Doctor was completely knocked up.

We found the camp in a state of commotion, as Bœcking had only just returned, he having lost himself for two days, and was half-starved.

All our stock were very restless. Hitherto, the sheep and the goats had not given us much trouble; now, they would stray in every direction and disperse in small flocks of ten or twelve, the collecting of which caused us continual labour. No doubt our animals had been disturbed by blacks—Wammai counted twenty of them one morning; added to this, the attacks of fever were more violent than ever. Brown, who was invaluable in looking after the cattle was, I thought, in a dying state, and Mr. Hely and Bunce nearly blind with blight, in addition to other maladies.

As for myself, I would be seized with cold shivering fits that no amount of blankets or sunshine could check. This would be succeeded gradually by burning fever, accompanied with violent pains in body and limbs, and a total prostration of the least energy. I described this unpleasant, cold, shivering sensation to the Doctor; he replied, "you must have a cold hanging about you;" but on the 14th, seeing me suffering under one of these attacks, he said, "you have the ague," and he gave me some quinine. These alternate attacks of hot and cold under which we each suffered—but at different times—were so far convenient, that while one unfortunate was in a burning fever his blankets served to cover another who was shivering from cold.

Under all these circumstances, it was not till the 17th that we were enabled to make another move forward. The Doctor

now determined upon leaving the sheep and goats, for they had completely scattered. Fortunately, we caught and killed two sheep, which we brought on with us. The loss was great, there being about 150 goats and 80 sheep.

April 19. From the top of a whinstone ridge we caught the first glimpse of the peaks of Peak Range ; we rested awhile, and gazed upon the scene with delight. We had heard so much of this beautiful country, that we looked forward to a cessation of all our troubles on reaching it. Our course was now altered direct for the Peaks, distant from forty to fifty miles. It took us across an open plain for about six miles, a most agreeable contrast to the dense brigalow scrubs through which, for weeks previously, we had to force our way, and encamped late in the afternoon on a beautiful lagoon in a watercourse.

On the following day, the 20th, our movements were greatly delayed, in consequence of the unaccountable behaviour on the part of the Doctor. Among the mules which Turnbull and I had to load, were two small chestnut beasts, the most spiteful, dangerous, and cunning animals ever met with. They did their work well and pluckily, which compensated for their vices ; our care was to keep clear of their heels. They always kept together, and were usually very troublesome to catch. After chasing them for some time this morning without success, they walked up and stood alongside the mules the Doctor was assisting to load. I asked the Doctor to be kind enough to catch hold of the halter of one of them, which was then within reach of his hand. Instead of doing so, he seized a fire-stick, and beat the animal violently with it ; consequently, the unfortunate beast rushed away, and nearly caused all the others to break away too, so Turnbull and myself had the pleasure of another chase of at least half-an-hour. When caught, and while leading it towards my packs, the Doctor again struck the animal. This sudden attack caused it to rush forward, and I was thrown violently down amongst some rocky ground. Fortunately I escaped with a few bruises only, but the animal again broke away. As all the other mules were by this time loaded, our united efforts soon secured the beast. This unaccountable action caused much delay as well as astonishment.



Our journey this day was long and tedious, we had a difficulty in finding a supply of water, and the day being hot, we, as well as the cattle, suffered terribly for the want of it. At length, guided by white cockatoos, and piloted by Brown, we encamped against a fine water-hole.

Wednesday, 21st. It rained heavily during the night, and we got soaking wet as it came upon us unexpectedly. Perry was so exhausted, and had slept so soundly, that at first he would not believe that any rain had fallen—though he, as well as the rest of us, had our blankets only over us. Some of the horses were absent, and the rain continuous, so that we could not proceed. We pitched our tents. As the last piece of meat had been consumed on the previous day, a small additional amount of flour was issued and made into "dips"—that is, paste dropped from a spoon into boiling water.

Thursday, April 22. As this proved to be a fine camping ground, well shaded by large trees, with a good supply of water, the Doctor decided upon killing the cow here, instead of proceeding a stage or more ahead. So the herd was brought as close to the camp as possible, and the cow was shot by Turnbull. We set to work at once to skin and cut it up. The Doctor proved himself to be a most wretched butcher; he hacked away at the dead beast with his sword, and greatly impeded our movements by cutting through at the wrong places, which caused us an immensity of annoyance. By the following day, the 22nd, we finished the task of cutting the meat in small strips, and hanging it out to dry, advantage having been taken of the branches of a fallen tree for that purpose. Unfortunately, no sooner was this accomplished, than rain began to fall, and continued without cessation till the 26th, which was really the first fine day we had experienced since our arrival here.

In consequence of so much rain, the meat was in a most offensive state of putridity, though we had attended to it unceasingly. The Doctor said that it would improve, and lose all taint when exposed to the sun, and possibly it would, but there was no sun. All the flies and insects for miles around had been attracted to this spot, and when the sun shone forth (which on one occasion it did for half-an-hour), the place was like a bee-hive. For the last three or four days we had been faring

sumptuously upon grilled bones, which, with the head, were duly appreciated. Unfortunately, there was little improvement amongst the sick. The Doctor, Hely, Perry, Bunce, and Turnbull had suffered at times very severely; Brown, who had been ill for some time, was now quite helpless.

The Doctor and Wammai this day managed to go in search of some of the missing horses, but returned unsuccessful. They prepared for another search on the 27th, but the Doctor was taken too ill to proceed. He complained of great palpitation, with giddiness and dimness of sight; his ankles had swollen greatly. He repeated, as usual, "I am going down—down—down." I boiled some tapioca for him, and also for Brown, who was very ill, which was more palatable than the putrid meat.

The Doctor's favorite mode of cooking was by boiling. This method he invariably adopted; the water in which the meat was boiled, to which a little salt was added, was called *soup*. This soup was divided equally with the meat, and formed an important item in our daily ration. I shall not attempt to describe the quality of the soup made from this putrid stuff; it caused us the most painful dysentery; acute spasms would suddenly attack the consumer, and render him completely helpless; so that we now suffered from a complication of complaints. Eventually, myself and one or two others declined to partake of the soup, and to be contented with the meat only. By this means, we regained considerable strength; but this arrangement incensed the Doctor greatly.

Friday, 30th April. This morning I saw the Doctor drag the cow's hide down to a water-hole, in order to soak it, preparatory to making ropes and hobbles. The banks of the water-hole were very steep, and so he was hidden from sight. As he was a long time absent, I thought that something had happened to him. I approached quietly; he was lying down, apparently exhausted; I did not like to disturb him. At length, he saw me, and waved his hand for me to approach. He was very depressed, and complained of a complication of maladies. I told him he did foolishly in dragging the hide, when he could have obtained assistance. He then repeated, in a very desponding manner, the observations he had uttered at the camp, Mackenzie River, adding: "I owe everything to Englishmen." He loved them; he

had been enabled by their assistance to study in Germany, Paris and other places, comparative anatomy, medicine, botany, natural philosophy, etc. They had fought side by side with his countrymen, and now that he was in an English colony, with an abundant field for carrying on his favourite pursuits, he would devote his life to the work, and would *die in Australia for Australia*. He repeated these and other expressions excitedly, and declared himself to be sinking fast. He added: "If anything should happen to me, bury me in a spot which can be readily recognised."

I endeavoured to cheer him up. I told him that the bad meat was now the great obstacle to our recovery. Fever was bad enough, but when alternated with the painful effects produced by the putrid soup, one's life was almost unendurable, the sufferer's were quite incapable of any exertion, while the cattle, horses, and mules had, since crossing the Mackenzie, become extremely restless and difficult to watch. It would, therefore, be better to use the flour, now reduced to sixty or seventy pounds, and so possibly regain strength and to push on, as the country ahead of us was favourable for travelling; but the Doctor was obstinate: "he saw no necessity for breaking through the rules laid down at the beginning. When troubles overtook him on his former journey his good luck got him clear of them, and would, no doubt, help him now." I offered to assist him to his tent, but he preferred to remain where he was. I repeated this conversation to my companions when I returned to where they were lying down, and they agreed with the view I took of our position, and requested me to speak to the Doctor again, and acquaint him with the result of our deliberations. This I at once did. The Doctor, who was now in his tent, became greatly excited, and repeated the utterance he so continually quoted as to his good luck, "his guiding star," and that he would die in "Australia for Australia," etc. He continued in this strain until I thought he was getting somewhat crazy, so I returned to my companions. Shortly after this the Doctor came over to where we were, and expressed himself in very forcible terms in disapproval of our suggestion. It was, he said, "tantamount to a thorough disorganization of the party; we ought to have patience," and not give in to a slight illness; and he again launched forth about his

good luck, etc. We waited until he had finished a most violent harrangue. I then told him that we were just as much interested in the success of the expedition as he was himself; our credit and honour were as precious to us as his own reputation to himself. It was now eight weeks since we had crossed the Mackenzie, and our position was becoming every day worse instead of better; there was not a sound man in the party, and, now that we were approaching fine travelling country, we were unable to attend to our duties; that we saw no remedy for the state of affairs but what had been suggested; and, therefore, we felt justified in discussing our position with him; in fact, his own remarks to me had courted this discussion. After a pause, turning to me, he said: "What do you want? Do you desire to go on, or turn back?" I replied: "Go on, to be sure. What did I come out for?" He then asked each one of us separately (Wammai was the only absent one) the same question, and received a similar reply. "Well," he then said, "while the putrid meat lasts, you shall have flour." At this we expressed our satisfaction, and as Wammai returned with the whole of the cattle, our spirits were greatly raised.

On Sunday, the 2nd May, after an encampment of ten days, we again made a forward movement. Unfortunately, I was very ill, and could only just manage to assist in loading the mules, when I had to lie down. The Doctor at once started, leaving me and Brown—who was about as helpless as myself—to follow as soon as we were able. Late in the afternoon the attack of fever had abated sufficiently to enable us to start. The Doctor's route led direct to the Peaks, so we kept to his tracks until it became too dark to see them, but continued on being guided by a star. We were sadly in want of water, as we had partaken of nothing since daybreak. At length we arrived at the bank of a creek, from whence we noticed the reflection of the stars from what we supposed to be water; so, tethering our horses, Brown went to the creek while I lit a fire. Brown soon returned; to my dismay, he reported "no water," but had obtained a quart-pot full of small fish, which he had found floundering about on the surface of some mud; this was a sad disappointment. At length, by the aid of a stick, we dug a hole by the side of the mud, and eventually obtained a small supply. This we strained;

and having gathered some "grewia" berries, as we rode along, we boiled them, and so made a most agreeable and acceptable drink. As we had eaten nothing since daybreak, we now enjoyed our piece of fat cake immensely.

On the following morning, we at once set off in search of the Doctor; and found that we had overshot his tracks. Having at length come across them, we joined him about 11 a.m.

Wammai, who had started before us with the cattle on the previous day, did not arrive till the afternoon; he was in a terrible plight, and very weak, as he had had nothing to eat since the morning before, and had suffered much from exposure during the night. He was compelled to leave the cattle a few miles away in order to search for the camp. Mr. Hely and Brown were at once sent off to bring them up, while poor Wammai got something to eat. As I handed to him his share of putrid soup, I said, "be careful, do not take too much, it might disagree with you." The Doctor, who was standing close by, said, "do you want to make the party discontented?" Let him eat, and find out for himself." I replied, that the soup had disagreed with every member of the party including himself, and I thought I was only doing a kindness in cautioning Wammai. We continued our journey, and travelled over some fine country for about twelve miles, and encamped at a small waterhole.

5th May. While preparing for the continuation of our journey this morning the Doctor, for some reason known only to himself, again allowed his temper to get the better of him.

His three mules, tied to a sapling, were standing quietly enough waiting to be loaded, when he suddenly seized a stick, and holding on by the tail of one of them, belaboured it so unmercifully as to frighten the other two; consequently they tore the sapling up by the roots, and with it suspended to their halters, and the Doctor still holding to the tail of one of them, rushed through the camp. We had much difficulty in securing them, as we ran the risk of being knocked over by the sapling. At length we entangled them with some small trees.

This little outburst of temper caused us great delay and annoyance, and nearly resulted in all the other animals breaking away too.

We travelled about ten miles, and encamped at 4 p.m. on the border of a long, narrow plain, and close to the "Peaks."

6th May. Mr. Hely and Brown—who had gone in search of the cattle, which had escaped from Wammai on the 4th—returned to camp this evening. They had been unsuccessful in finding them, but had traced them for some distance. The cattle were evidently making their way back to the Downs. As Mr. Hely and Brown had had very little to eat for two days, and had lost one of their horses, they were compelled to return for supplies. On the following day, the 7th, they again started, taking with them provisions for a week. The Doctor, at the same time, went off by himself in an opposite direction, for the purpose of reconnoitring the country ahead; he did not return till about noon the following day—the 8th—having missed the camp, though we put in operation the practice always adopted by us towards dusk when any one was absent; which was to light large fires, and to fire off a gun at intervals.

He was not in the most amiable temper on his return, and threw out hints that we ought to have gone in search of him. He complained of feeling ill, hungry, and of having suffered from exposure. He made straight for the boiler as soon as he had dismounted, and taking off the lid was most agreeably surprised to find it half full of pigeons, stewing away, in place of putrid meat. He required no invitation to commence operations, but a very broad hint when to leave off—for we were each entitled to a share.

Fortunately, pigeons were plentiful in the forest. Towards evening they would make for the waterholes, and would either perch in numbers on the trees, or follow each other in single file through the long grass, uttering a low chirrup as they went along. As we could not afford to throw away powder and shot, I adopted the most unsportsman-like proceeding of lying in wait, and of taking the poor birds at a disadvantage, and so secure as many as possible at one shot; sometimes I was very successful. On this occasion, I obtained either twelve or thirteen birds for two shots. My sport was not confined to pigeons; sometimes I succeeded in securing a duck or an opossum—in fact, I fired at anything which I thought would afford us some sustenance in place of the rotten meat.

I was not always successful and frequently I was too ill to stir; but I am firmly convinced that the small quantity of game I did secure was the means of saving the life of many of my companions.

May 17th. On the afternoon of the 17th, Mr. Hely and Brown, after an absence of eleven days, returned with only nine head of cattle. Mr. Hely's report was anything but encouraging; the cattle had evidently been disturbed by blacks, and had become scattered; they were making their way back again to the Downs; so the Doctor decided upon returning with his whole party, and of forming a camp forty or fifty miles back, and search for the cattle from there; but, as many of the mules and horses had broken their hobbles and had walked off, he changed his mind and determined upon killing another beast here. So, on the 18th, one of the nine head was shot, and we lost no time in skinning and cutting it up, while Hely and Brown prepared for another search.

Unfortunately, during the night, the rain fell in torrents. This was very disheartening, but we endeavoured to keep the meat dry by putting much of it in our tents, and by covering that on the frame of saplings with our blankets—under which we slept, and so had a benefit from the dripping.

We heartily enjoyed the grilled bones, and Bunce, having found some herbs, Bœcking made some black puddings—thirty-two in number; these proved delicious.

Monday, May 24th. Queen Victoria's Birthday! A pudding with sugar for dinner! After a long and anxious discussion, it was decided that this pudding should be made in the form usually known as a "bolster," the sugar taking the place of jam. Turnbull acted as cook, as Bœcking was too ill, but was able to watch proceedings. I lent my towel to tie it in. Unfortunately, the towel burst in boiling, and all the sugar escaped. The pudding was divided equally into nine portions; we saved shares for the absentees. The Doctor was not long in putting his share out of sight, he then turned his attention to the sweetened water, and managed to secure two shares before we could rescue the remainder.

We drank the Queen's health in greasy tea, for we had but one boiler.

This day our poor faithful dog "Norval" was killed. He was a remarkably handsome, intelligent animal; but since the loss of the sheep and goats we had no use for him, and we found it impossible to supply the whole of the dogs with food, so the poor fellow was doomed to die. I refused to kill him when asked to do so by the Doctor, so the Doctor and Boecking then settled the poor fellow between them. We felt very sorry for his sad fate, but there was good reason for killing him; the dogs occasionally were in a starving condition. Without Norval, the sheep and the goats could have never been brought so safely through the dense scrubs and swamps of the Comet river. He was worth a dozen men on that occasion. His death actually cast a gloom over us. At early dawn he would run around each of us as we laid on the ground, as though to enquire how we felt. In the afternoon, the Doctor took a ride to look for a waterhole where he could give himself a good washing, of which he stood much in need. His custom was to rub himself with neatsfoot oil, the odour from which was by no means agreeable. I shared the same tent with him, when I ever did get under cover, and so speak from experience.

Friday, 28th. This day I heard the report of a gun. I thought at first it might be from Wammai, who required assistance with the eight head of cattle, which had become very wild, so I went out to ascertain. In about half-a-mile I met Mr. Hely and Brown, dragging themselves along with difficulty, having lost their horses. They had suffered from ague, and had strapped their blankets round their shoulders for warmth. They were in a miserable plight.

They had been nine days absent, and had failed to secure any of the cattle. On their way back to the camp they met all the horses and mules, which were heading back to the Mackenzie. These they brought on with them, but they broke away again the night before their return, so Mr. Hely and Brown had no alternative but to walk.

They both rallied considerably after we had given them tea and something to eat, which included their share of the Queen's Birthday pudding. Hely was much disappointed at our not having saved some of the black puddings, but became more



pacified when we told him that they were getting bad before we ventured to eat them for him.

Wammai returned later in the day without the eight cattle. They had broken away from him. So we were now without either cattle, mules, or horses, except two of the latter which we kept tethered. I remarked to the Doctor, "This is a bad job." He replied, "Yes, Hely has made a regular mess of it." I said that I thought Hely had done well under the circumstances, but the Doctor thought otherwise.

On the following day, Brown being very ill, Hely accompanied the Doctor and Wammai, for the purpose of showing where he and Brown had encamped and had left their saddles, and also to put the Doctor on the tracks of the cattle. He returned at noon, while the Doctor and Wammai continued the search. The Doctor overtook the horses and got back to the camp about nine p.m. We had all turned in, for there was nothing to watch; but we soon jumped up again and secured all the animals, and, the dogs having caught an emu, the Doctor and Wammai enjoyed a hearty supper.

Sunday, 30th May. We had now been in this camp for twenty-five days, during which time the troubles and misfortunes which had overtaken us at the Mackenzie had rather increased than diminished.

Until then, notwithstanding the intricacies of the scrub and swamps of the Comet river, our live stock had not been the cause of any very great difficulty. They were, in fact, getting accustomed to our daily journeys; but since then they had given us constant trouble; though we herded them by day and watched them by night, we could not, in our debilitated state, keep them from straying. No doubt they had been disturbed by blacks, for they were very wild and untractable. We had seen many natives, but we had no desire to court a close acquaintance with them.

The health of the party had in no way improved. Not a day but some of us were prostrated by illness of some sort, for which there seemed to be no remedy.

A few days before this the Doctor, much to my astonishment, asked to look at my tongue. He declared it to be "furred." I knew that myself. He recommended me to take

plenty of soup. I told him that it made me sick, as it did to all who partook of it. He replied, "Never mind, let it do so; it will cure you of your fever." I told him that I had suffered from both complaints and thought that I preferred the fever.

The Doctor was also a great sufferer, he declared that the d—d soup upset him, but he took means to keep up his stamina by helping himself to the reserved provisions, thus breaking through the rules he held to be sacred. He carried sugar in an old neck-tie, and when I surprised him one day at the sugar bag, he said, "I do find it agree with my stomach." I replied, "Perhaps it would agree with some of the invalids too," many of whom often asked for sweetened tea. "No," said the Doctor, "they cannot have any; it will turn acid on their stomachs." The craving for something sweet, and for fatty substances was experienced by each of us; so much so that many who at other times discarded the use of these articles, now evinced a strange longing for them.

Eventually, the Doctor took the reserve stores into his own keeping, so that he could help himself as he felt inclined. He would sit close to a small fire in front of his tent, and, with a stick, stir his tapioca, gelatine, or, possibly a mixture of both, as they were boiling in his quart pot. This addition to his food did not, however, prevent him from taking the lion's share of any game I could manage to secure. On one occasion, having shot and cooked a small duck, he at once cut it in halves and walked back to his tent with one half, saying at the same time, "I will take the half, the leader should always have the best," and telling me to divide the other half, as there were five to have dinner; the absurdity of the order created a little *melancholy amusement*. Shortly after this he thought fit to offer some explanation. He said that his system required additional support in order to enable him to sustain the burden of responsibility he was under as leader of the expedition, which caused him anxiety we could not comprehend. I told him that he was perfectly right to look after himself, but not at the expense of his companions, and so far as the anxiety for the success of the expedition was concerned, that we were equally interested. Mr. Bunce, in his journal, page 157, thus describes a similar case:—

"A sheep's head was skinned, cleaned with much trouble, and boiled. Each of the poor invalids was, in imagination, apportioning to himself a part. One was going to secure a piece of the cheek, another a little of the brain, another a small portion of the tongue. The whole matter was, however, shortly set at rest, greatly to the disappointment of their prematurely formed expectations, by the following accident :—Mr. Bœcking, who had, as cook, the management of the boiler, turned his back for a short time, and by the sudden falling in of a log the pot was capsized, and the broth, for which many of their number had been waiting, was spilled and lost. Dr. Leichhardt very coolly picked up the sheep's 'jemmy' from the sand, and placed the same on his plate; and, deaf to the remonstrances of the patients, very quickly and quietly swallowed the whole, bones excepted."

It had been arranged in the first instance that, in addition to our regular ration, any game secured by us should be distributed equally. The consequence was that our boiler sometimes contained many delicacies of the season, a fearful mixture, kangaroo tails, opossum, tough portions of goats, cockatoos, etc., etc. Many of these things were so hard as to take two or three days' boiling, and so would be brought on from camp to camp. After our regular repast the contents of the boiler were taken into consideration, and the Doctor would stick his fork into the "pan, or kettle, or cauldron, or pot, and all that the flesh-hook brought forth" he took for himself.

Fortunately our stock of meat though tainted, was in a fair condition, notwithstanding the many showers of rain it had been exposed to. We cut it into small pieces and spread it out to the sun's rays. This had the effect, not only of reducing it in weight; but, of dispelling the taint which strongly pervaded it, and of getting rid of some of the maggots.

The nights now were extremely cold, so that the horses and mules instead of feeding quietly on the open land, sought the shelter of the forest. While on the open land, their movements were readily seen; any of them with broken hobbles were secured, and the defect remedied. A mule would wear through a pair of hobbles in half the time that a horse would; now, nearly all of them were loose, and were inclined to lead their companions on a homeward course. The Doctor now decided on making a retrograde journey of thirty or forty miles.

We felt extremely sorry at the unfortunate state of affairs ; but there was no alternative. We had done all in our power to secure our live stock, and now that the weather was somewhat settled and fine, we were greatly disappointed.

Sunday, 23rd, after a heavy fall of rain during the night, was ushered in by as sublime and as beautiful a sunrise as it is possible to conceive. The morning was cold, the air pure and bracing, and as the early mists dispersed the atmosphere became so clear as to render the far distant outlines sharp and distinct. Our camp was prettily situated, a long and narrow plain fringed with beautiful trees, extended in front of us, having quite a park-like appearance. To our right, at a short distance, arose the majestic peaks of Peak Range, two high pyramids or cones, with a third mountain not so high. The cones appeared to be inaccessible. As the sun shone upon the high perpendicular cliffs, which served to build them up, the effect was grand in the extreme. I had left the camp for the purpose of seeking for game, and had followed up the low ridge which formed a boundary to the plain, and, seated on a rock, had managed to trace an outline of the view before me, which was one of solitary grandeur. I shortly noticed the black head of a native as he crouched in the long grass, not far distant. He was evidently waiting for game of some sort. He had not seen me, so I watched his movements with interest. Presently, about half a dozen kangaroos of various sizes appeared on the scene, but the black did not want kangaroo ; he wanted emu, two of which, with five young ones, soon appeared. But something startled them ; so they turned aside and walked quickly away. The black at once followed, but not a stern chase. He went off in a different direction, being fully aware that, in making for home, the emu, when disturbed, mostly takes a circuitous route, and often gets intercepted in consequence. I returned to the camp, which, from the helplessness of our situation, presented a sad contrast to the surrounding beauties of nature.

May 30. We managed to get away on our retrograde journey about 1 p.m., and encamped at a pretty waterhole about sunset, and enjoyed some emu for supper. Our journey the following day was one of the most fatiguing we had as yet accomplished. The mules gave us endless trouble in constantly

reloading them. All my companions were completely knocked up, so that the duty of cooking supper fell to Turnbull and myself. Wammai shot a bustard which was very acceptable. Our camp was close to where we had killed the cow, so that within three months we had travelled sixty or seventy miles, lost all our sheep and goats, and now were twenty miles on our road back again. I was surprised to see two goats on the opposite side of the watercourse; they stared at us for a short time, but were away before I could get a shot at them; they were very wild.

Tuesday, June 1st. This morning the Doctor and Wammai started off in search of the cattle, taking with them provisions for several days. He returned on the 6th with four head. During his absence the whole of us had suffered, if possible, more severely than ever we had before. Bœcking and Perry were quite delirious, and Bunce did not know what he was about. On the Doctor's return we were lying down in a more or less helpless state; as soon as he had dismounted he walked up to where I was, and kneeling down on one knee, pushed my hair from off my forehead with one hand, and felt my pulse with the other, at the same time he looked closely into my eyes; he then declared there was no alternative but to return. He examined the pulse of each one of us.

The weather had for some time past been bitterly cold at night, my thermometer ranging as low as 25 deg. F., so that ice was found on any water or tea which was left in our cooking utensils. This caused the cattle to be very restless, and although we watched them constantly, these four beasts escaped from us the second night of their arrival.

I recommended to the Doctor the advisability of killing one, but he would not hear of it, saying they were a quiet lot.

The Doctor and Wammai, after a day's rest, had gone away again. As he expected to be absent for some days, he took a supply of food with him, which left the camp almost destitute of provisions of any sort, excepting the few pounds of flour and sugar which remained of the reserve stores.

On the 13th, in searching for game, I saw the four bullocks feeding on a small open space about a mile distant; Turnbull at once mounted our only available horse, and brought them as close as possible to the camp, and I took upon myself the

responsibility of shooting one of them. We lost no time in cutting it up, and hanging the meat out to dry.

The Doctor had invariably carried the quinine about with him, occasionally he gave a dose to some one or other of the invalids; but on this occasion, whether by accident or otherwise, he had left it behind, so I took possession of it, and availed myself of the opportunity of dosing not only myself but my companions also, and have every reason to believe that we were the better for it, but the supply was low, and it had to be used sparingly.

16th June. As the Doctor had been absent for eight days, we began to feel anxious, so Mr. Hely and Brown started off in search of him. Fortunately three mules and two horses had kept in sight of the camp; these were readily caught this morning, though we had failed to secure them on other occasions. Towards the evening of the 17th, the Doctor appeared, bringing with him five mules and two horses. They had strayed the distance of six camps up the Comet river.

The Doctor fell in with Mr. Hely about six miles from the camp; both he and Brown were ill, and could not proceed. The Doctor was completely knocked up. At first he was very indignant at our daring to kill a bullock without his permission, but when he saw a supply of between two and three hundred pounds of good meat, he calmed down. Fortunately, the weather had been fine, and we had attended to it closely, so that not a piece of it had been lost.

The 18th being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the flour bags had to submit to another scraping in order to obtain sufficient to make something like a pudding.

21st. Our live stock now consisted of ten horses and nine mules; these we managed to secure on the previous night. Some delay occurred in regulating the loads. We left behind everything we could possibly do without—including three pack saddles. We took all the meat, and sufficient tea to last us till we reached the Downs. The small quantity now remaining of the reserve stores the Doctor had under his special care; and with a strange feeling of sorrow at the disastrous termination of the expedition, we set off on our homeward journey, Wammai having been sent ahead to lead the way.

On the 22nd, we re-crossed the Mackenzie and encamped near to our former encampment. We found that the letters we had buried three months previously, were quite illegible.

We resumed our journey, under the leadership of the Doctor, on the 24th, up the Comet—which was now fordable. The extensive box flat which we had crossed when it was under water, was now—30th June—all mud, so that the mules travelled with difficulty. I noticed that the Doctor was following a wrong course. I did not venture to say anything until Brown rode up to me and verified my supposition, "That Doctor, he go all wrong," he remarked; so I hastened ahead, and, in the quietest manner, called his attention to the direction he was taking. He replied, "Mann, I know where I am going to." He continued the same course for some time, when, after ascending a very stony spur to a point from whence we obtained a view of the surrounding country, he suddenly stopped, gave a long whistle, and declared that he was ascending Christmas Range! Expedition Range was many miles easterly from us with a sea of scrub intervening. Brown was at once called to the front to take the lead, and after penetrating this scrub for about ten miles we encamped late in the afternoon on a small open flat.

The weather now was so cold that we were glad to wear our blankets around our shoulders as we rode along. My thermometer registered as low as 18 deg. F. during the night. Unfortunately, our health did not improve, and these journeys were very trying to those suffering from ague or dysentery.

July 4th. The Doctor, some days previously, had promised to give us a treat! As we were well acquainted with the capacity of the camp, we wondered what this treat could possibly consist of. This day, he relieved our suspense by producing a piece of sugar mat, which he put into the boiler with the tea! and, Wammai having shot a wallaby, we fared sumptuously.

On the 6th, we crossed Expedition Range and encamped at the head of Erythina creek.

This morning the Doctor was excessively angry with me. On weighing out the meat for the breakfast, I found that there was not sufficient in the ration bag by two or three pounds. I told the Doctor, and he called upon me to account at once for

this deficiency. This I did. I explained that the allowance per week was forty-two pounds; this quantity was placed in a small bag; that he was well aware that this meat would continue to dry for a length of time, and consequently lose weight; this he knew by former experience better than I did, and he admitted it now. That this forty-two pounds was weighed out in bulk and afterwards by twenty-one separate weighings, which facts I thought would sufficiently account for the present loss. He replied, "Why did you, then, not give short weight? My storekeeper on my former journey always gave short weight!" I told him that I did not think the meat would have dried so fast, or I would have put more into the ration bag; that as we would be within the bounds of civilisation in a few days, and abundance of good meat in the camp, our position could not be compared to his former one. He was then in an unknown country, not certain how long he might be absent. He replied, "That has nothing to do with the case. You have allowed this meat to be wasted. I intend to take a bag of it to Sydney to show my friends there what we had to live upon." He then reduced the weekly allowance to thirty-five pounds.

The following day, the 7th, the last morsel of flour was consumed by the Doctor. We had had none for many weeks. And on the 11th we were indulged with another piece of sugar-mat. On the 14th we re-crossed the river Dawson. The approaches were very muddy, so we had some trouble in getting the animals over.

In spite of all our warnings, the Doctor would not keep clear of the mules; so he received a kick this day which, after raising him a considerable height from the ground, enabled him to alight in the mud on the back of his neck, his feet in the air. As soon as I could get to him I set him on dry ground, and, having scraped some of the mud off, he soon regained his breath and was able to proceed.

On the 15th we enjoyed the very last piece of sugar-mat. It was boiled in the water with the tea, as usual.

On our outward journey we had noticed some horse-tracks. A few days before arriving on the Dawson, we fell in with a strange horse, which had attached himself to us. He was a fine-looking animal, but very shy, so that we could not catch him.



On the 19th, we remained in camp in order to permit the Doctor and Wammai to go in search of Perry, who had got astray on the previous day. He was found about seven miles back, having suffered much from hunger and cold, and was very ill. The thermometer ranged at twenty degrees F. at night. We crossed Charley's creek on the 20th. The Doctor, for some unaccountable cause, again broke out into a violent harangue about the meat. He had everything eatable under his own special charge, and slept amongst the bags; yet, he was discontented.

July 22nd. During the night we heard the bark of a dog. This, we supposed, proceeded from some sheep station. Having managed to collect eighteen-pence, Turnbull set off for the purpose of purchasing some flour from the shepherd. It proved to be a temporary station of Messrs. Blythe and Chauvel. They gave Turnbull a good breakfast, and instead of going on a reconnoitring trip themselves, sent over to our camp two enormous dampers, a fine sheep ready for cooking, some tea, and sugar. We had already finished our ordinary repast, but were quite ready to commence upon these good things. We enjoyed a long talk with our new friends, who informed us of all the important events which had happened during our absence; notably, the loss of the steamship "Sovereign," Captain Cape, on the bar, Moreton Bay, and the drowning thereby of many of our acquaintances.

The great longing we had endured for something sweet, and for fatty substances, was now satisfied; we indulged our appetites to the fullest extent. The fat in the frying-pan was greedily eaten, mixed with sugar, and though I have under ordinary circumstances a natural dislike to an excess of that substance, I now enjoyed it with the rest.

On the 23rd, we remained the night at the temporary station of a Mr. A. Campbell who was on his way to establish himself on the Dawson; and on the 24th we arrived at Jimbour, having been entertained at the station of Messrs. Goggs on our road. On our way we met a Mr. Ewer, who had been forming a station on the Condamine. I was too ill to keep up with the others, so did not arrive until about an hour after sunset. Mr. J. Bell (the late Sir Joshua) spread the only spare mattress in front of

the fire, and Hely, Turnbull, and myself, with our shoulders on the mattress, and our feet towards the fire, slept soundly. It seemed strange to have a roof over us after so many months of exposure.

Mr. Mocatta and other gentlemen were here, so that with Mr. Headley, the manager, and his family, the house was quite full. They vied in attending to our wants. We were sorry to learn that Mr. Denis whom we had met here on our outward journey, had been lost in the "Sovereign." The Doctor on his arrival was asked by Mr. Bell whether he would like to have a wash and a clean shirt. He excused himself, saying, "As you see me now, so I have been these eight weeks."

We remained a day at Jimbour, and then calling on our road at Finlay Ross' and Cross' stations, arrived at Cecil Plains on Wednesday, the 28th, and were most kindly received by the owner, Mr. Henry Stuart Russell.

On our arrival, the doctor said, "Now, I have done with you, you had better take your things and pack them up." This, though especially addressed to me, included Messrs. Hely, Turnbull, and Bunce—Böcking and Perry were absent at the time. I told him that I thought his conduct very cold-hearted and strange after all we had done and suffered for him. That I had noticed a change in his manner towards me from the time we commenced our return journey; and, therefore, I had been doubly cautious in my bearing towards him, as he was evidently seeking for a cause to quarrel with me. He said, "You have done so little to please me for some time past, that I do not intend putting myself out of the way for you. I challenged him to name a single instance of having neglected my duty, except when incapacitated by illness. He replied, "At Charley's creek you separated the packs, and caused confusion. You caused discontent by advising some of the party not to partake of some soup; and you did not take care of the stores." I think that I have fully explained in my entry for the 3rd January the arrangement of the camp, which so pleased the Doctor that he there and then made me "*Engineer of the Expedition.*" In my entry 4th May, I mention having cautioned Wammai against taking too much putrid soup. The Doctor now denied that this soup ever disagreed with him, or with any of us, but I reminded him

of his expression, on one occasion at least. "I have not been well since I partook of that d—d soup."

The third charge referred to our return journey when the Doctor took possession of our reserve stores and fed himself, and so *kept up his stamina for the benefit of his companions*. This matter I have before explained. I told the Doctor that he would have to bring some more substantial accusation than those. He said, "Well, your general conduct was bad." Of course I could well afford to laugh at that.

I told him that he appeared to think that Australia was created especially for himself, but that he was quite mistaken if he supposed that he alone had the right to interest himself in the exploration of the country. I was well aware that my companions had the success of the expedition as sincerely at heart as he had, and that he had been ably supported by them; on no occasion had he to repeat an order, or to reprimand any one; his wishes were attended to, and anticipated if possible. That he had taken upon himself to promise health to us all, and had even expressed his astonishment that Providence had visited him with unpropitious weather, instead of the favourable seasons he had previously enjoyed. That it was very evident he little cared what happened to his companions providing his own fame did not suffer. That instead of now trying to shift the cause of this failure on to the shoulders of us, he would be acting in a more manly spirit by honestly admitting that our return was in consequence of the complete prostration of himself and party owing to constant illness, aggravated by the absence of medicine.

The Doctor was furious, and jumping up, exclaimed, "If I had brought all the medicine you talk about, I should have required another mule." I told him that I would have brought the medicine and the mule too, if he had not deceived us in this matter. "What then, do you want? What will satisfy you?" he asked excitedly. I told him that I wanted nothing but fair play; he had no right to accuse any of us of neglect or indifference, and to single me out especially for abuse. He said that he had good cause, and referred to the deficiency in the ration of meat, as explained in my entry of the 6th June, saying that I was too sensitive of honour for such an expedition, and that I

showed that in the affair of the cow at Goggs' station when we were starting.\* I replied that that was a fault on the right side.

He then retired to his room. My companions, who were present, were excessively indignant, and expressed their opinion in forcible terms; I had much trouble to restrain their tempers.

I shortly after this handed over to the Doctor every article of his property I had under my care.

There had been but little improvement in the general state of our health during our return journey, which had occupied us over thirty days. On each day some of us had suffered from attacks of fever, more or less severe, the violence of which was greatly aggravated by having to endure them on horseback. The abundance of good food now provided for us by our kind hosts was working wonders, so that on the 2nd August Mr. Turnbull felt strong enough to commence his journey homeward to Stroud.

He had been a great sufferer, and felt most keenly the cold and ungenerous treatment of the Doctor now, so he was anxious to get away. I felt sorry at parting with him. We had been much together, as we were mates in loading our mules. He had proved a most valuable acquisition to the party, and had performed his duties most faithfully.

On the following day, the 3rd, Mr. Hely and myself started for Brisbane. I had asked the Doctor to lend me a horse to carry me as far as Ipswich, as he intended to send for those he had left under the care of Major North, it could be brought back with them, for some time he positively refused to assist me. I told him it was only on his urgent request that I did not bring a horse of my own, as he wished the expedition to be solely his. Consequently as he had taken the responsibility of the whole affair from the date of leaving Sydney, he was responsible for our return. After some discussion he lent a horse.

Whatever little luggage I possessed was taken as far as the "Springs" by Mr. Russell's stockman, Orton, who was going that distance with a light cart.

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\* I took an early opportunity of speaking to Mr. Russell in respect to the affair of the cows. See Mr. Russell's letter on this matter, dated 1st October, 1884.

As Messrs. Bunce, Bœcking, and Perry had agreed to accompany the Doctor on a short trip to Fitzroy Downs, a tract of country discovered by Sir Thomas Mitchell on his last journey, we took most friendly leave of each other; we had journeyed along well together, and had assisted each other on many trying occasions, no angry words or disputes had ever occurred to mar the good understanding which always existed between us. Notwithstanding the sharp words which had passed between the Doctor and myself, I went into his room, where he was lying down, but he refused to say anything to me, so we rode away, Hely and myself, but soon became so thoroughly exhausted that we could with difficulty reach Cross' station. On the following day we made Jondaryan, where we were kindly received by Mr. Andrew, and there met our former acquaintance John Bowie Wilson, Rogers and others.

Mr. Hely rode the horse we had secured at Palm Tree creek on our return journey; at Gowrie, he exchanged it for another, and so we pushed on to the "Springs," where we arrived very late on the 5th, both very tired, and on the 7th we managed to reach Ipswich.

As no steamer left Brisbane for Sydney till the 23rd, I remained at Ipswich for a few days and secured the professional attendance of Doctor D'Orsay.

On our arrival in Brisbane, Messrs. Gordon Sandeman, Pierce, and many of the residents invited us to a complimentary dinner at Bow's hotel, I was too ill to enjoy it, though fully appreciating the honor.

My limbs and body had swollen to a most inconvenient size, so that on arrival in Sydney I had to undergo a course of medical treatment before I could get about again.

I was sorry to hear that reports had preceded our arrival in Sydney, which attributed the failure of this expedition to the bad conduct of the party.

A letter from Doctor Leichhardt to his friend Lieut. Lynd, of which the following is a copy, dissipated that report:—

“ Russell's Station, Darling Downs,

“ August 1st, 1847.

“ The news of my return to the Downs will, no doubt, have reached you by the last steamer from Moreton Bay. I had hoped to have gone

with her to Sydney, and that expectation, added to a very severe attack of rheumatism in my hands, prevented me writing by her. I wrote to you last from Charley's creek, mentioning the loss of my mules, horses, and cattle. I had despatched Mr. Hely in quest of intelligence of Sir Thos. Mitchell's expedition, of whose return I had been informed; but, by some accident of the post, neither of your letters, nor Sir Thomas' despatches, ever reached me.

"Mr. Hely, Mr. Turnbull, and Brown joined me forty miles further on my journey, and we travelled quietly, without accident, down the Dawson, then running so strong as to compel us to take advantage of a large tree which had fallen across it, to carry our luggage over.

"At Ruined Castle creek, I left one of my horses, which had become hopelessly lame. At Expedition Range, the rain set in, and the ground soon became so boggy, that our mules sank to their bellies, and we made but slow progress. All the watercourses and creeks between Expedition and Christmas Ranges became flooded, and compelled us to make a long roundabout to head them.

"Deception creek and Comet river were swollen into immense rivers, and all the surrounding country was inundated. I had feared that the Mackenzie would stop us, and on our arrival at that river, after seven weeks' travelling from 'Dry Beef creek,' my fears were but too fully realised. There had been several cases of illness as we travelled through the scrub, but here the whole party had been attacked by fever, which subsequently assumed the character of fever and ague. I suffered from it for nine days, and it left me very weak for a long while after. We had to wait three weeks before the river was fordable, and after getting over the party were so exhausted by illness, we found ourselves wholly unable to proceed, and had to wait three weeks longer to recover strength. No doubt, the disease was very depressing, though not of that dangerous character the party apprehended, most of whom had been *hitherto unacquainted with illness of any kind*. Our energy, however, was much broken, and our bodily strength entirely prostrated for a time.

"From the idea that change of place and slight exertion would operate beneficially on our health, I resolved to move on with the strongest of our party, and, accordingly, proceeded with our stock towards Peak Range, which I knew was only sixty miles from the junction of the Comet and Mackenzie rivers. After the first stage, however, our helplessness became so apparent, that I immediately saw the impracticability of dividing our party, and I returned with my healthy black (poor Brown was quite knocked up), and brought the remainder of my party, with all our luggage, to my halting-ground.

"Here our goats and sheep strayed away from the camp; no one was able to watch them, and we were at length compelled to leave them behind.

"After a rest of three days, we again moved on for three days more, making about thirty miles, and reached the Downs of the Upper MacKenzie and Peak Range.

"Here the loss of the horses compelled us to stop, and as we had no sheep, we killed the first head of cattle. I had some hope that the change of diet, from fat mutton to dried beef, might operate favourably on our health; but in this also I was disappointed, as the rain set in as the meat was drying, and it consequently became tainted and unpalatable. After having stopped here nearly a fortnight, we again advanced about ten miles further. The black whom I had sent for the cattle mistook our tracks, and passed us when he had found them, and, after watching them, left them during the night to rejoin us.

"During the interval they strayed away. I again sent two of the party in pursuit—namely, Mr. Hely and Brown, and moved on my camp to Peak Range. Unfortunately, Brown lost his horse during the first night, and they were compelled to return to us for fresh horses and provisions, without having found the cattle. Thus, the cattle got a long way in advance, became dispersed in the scrub, and frightened, probably, by the natives, became so wild, that when Mr. Hely and the black again approached them, they were so wild, they only succeeded in bringing back nine out of the thirty-seven, after a fortnight's absence from the camp.

"Here we killed another bullock and dried the meat, and endeavoured by great vigilance to retain the others, but in spite of all our efforts the wild brutes broke away every night, and in five days we lost them altogether. Mr. Hely and Brown again started in pursuit of the others, but after an absence of ten days, during which they had been overtaken by sickness, they returned unsuccessful.

"Nothing now was left but to go myself on this errand, and accordingly, I went with Jemmy, the black, to that part of our track which I thought they were most likely to have retreated to, and after a week's anxious search I came upon four, which I brought back to camp, where I found all my companions ill with fever, and the mules and horses gone.

"I now saw the thorough hopelessness of our position, that all further endeavour was vain, and that we had nothing for it but a speedy return. I cannot express to you the extreme agony of mind I endured when this conviction came upon me.

*"Notwithstanding the many unforeseen hardships we endured, my party behaved extremely well."*

## PART III.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

THE above is a condensed epitome of my diary. I have adhered simply to facts. Misfortunes overtook us so soon after we commenced our journey, that nothing of an exciting nature has to be recorded. When fairly started, after so many delays and mishaps, our progress for a time was very satisfactory. Our cattle and horses travelled well and steadily, and were becoming accustomed to their work. Ourselves were in the best of health and spirits, looking eagerly forward to a prosperous journey; but, when overtaken by illness, the whole aspect of affairs consequently changed.

Before extending my remarks, I will endeavour to describe our leader.

In appearance Dr. Leichhardt possessed a commanding presence, being a little over six feet in height. He was by no means the strong man which those who knew him only in Sydney supposed him to be. All tendency to robustness vanished soon after we commenced our journey. I was much surprised to notice his slightly-built frame and absence of muscular development. His head was well shaped, with high, intellectual forehead, smallish, grey, intelligent eyes, dark brows, brown hair, the lower part of his face was hidden by a bushy beard and moustache, nose slightly aquiline.

A few moments in his company were sufficient to convince one that he was a man of more than ordinary intellect. His conversation was most fascinating; a thorough English scholar, writing and conversing most fluently in that language; his slight foreign accent, I suppose, added to his charm. His age, he said, was thirty-five years.

As a naturalist, I believe that he stood high in the estimation of those who were competent to form an opinion of his talents. As a leader, he was wholly unfitted for such a responsible position, being deficient in almost every requirement for such an important post. He possessed neither patience, temper, or ingenuity; the organ of locality was apparently absent, as well as any mechanical conception.



From the outset we noticed his impatience; he showed it in all his actions. It was this failing that caused him to startle our cattle and horses at Charley's creek, whereby we lost twenty-five valuable days—time enough to have taken us to Peak Range—and thus we would have escaped the swamps and wet weather of the Comet river. I have otherwise referred to a few instances when his outbreaks of temper most seriously impeded our operations. In smaller matters he was equally inconsistent. If he required anything from a pack or saddle-bags, he would drag the article out by force rather than take the trouble to unbuckle a strap. If he did not readily find what he wanted his temper knew no bounds. He never replaced things, or saw that they were protected from the rain, but left them scattered about.

Most of our troubles with the mules whilst travelling could have been averted had ordinary care been taken in loading them in the first instance, and, again, by their being headed back by the Doctor when approaching a swampy place. There were others in the party besides the Doctor who could not tell whether a pack-saddle was placed evenly on a mule's back or not. To these delinquents a lecture or two, delivered in forcible language, produced an improvement in this matter. This course could not be adopted in regard to the Doctor. As Bœcking and myself drove the pack animals, our first business generally was to reload the Doctor's three mules. The additional labour thrown upon us by careless loading, and consequent mishaps, was very considerable.

The Doctor was thoroughly jealous and suspicious. Being much disappointed at not having obtained a report of Sir Thomas Mitchell's journey, he was greatly afraid that the result of that expedition would deprive him of much fame and credit. He would not believe that any one but himself could possibly be interested in the geographical or physical features of the unknown interior, the exploration of which he was "destined by Providence" to undertake.

Generally most reserved and reticent, he expected every one to read his thoughts and anticipate his wants; failing this—on our part—at times, his remarks were unkind and unreasonable. He could be most agreeable when he chose, and we were

delighted when he threw off his reserve and joined in our conversation; but he would suddenly withdraw, as though his dignity would suffer. He could not act the part he so forcibly expressed to us at the commencement of the journey. He tried to be general and private soldier at the same time, and of course most signally failed. He preferred the former, a position in which, to a certain extent, we were willing to support him.

As soon as we were fairly launched into the wild forest, and relieved from the restraints of civilized society, his habits became extremely careless and slovenly, both as regards dress and at his meals. He seldom washed himself or his clothes, some of which had seen service on his former journey and were unpleasantly dirty. During some parts of our journey we were visited by clouds of flies, which emitted a most disagreeable, sickening odour when killed. They covered everything eatable, and swarmed into our plates, so that it was a difficult matter to obtain a mouthful of food free of them; we would cover our plates with a handkerchief and then smuggle a spoonful out from under it. The Doctor discarded such precautions, so swallowed the flies wholesale. On one occasion I called his attention to the underside of his spoon being thickly covered with them; "Never mind," he replied, "I do not care so long as I do not see them." There was no occasion for all this indifference; it set a bad example, for, had any of my companions been equally careless, our camp would soon have rivalled that of any tribe of black-fellows.

The Doctor, for the following reason, begged to be excused from eating any of the liver of the animals we killed: "When at some university in Germany, the tutor, with whom he lodged, being of a very penurious disposition, would only indulge in meat once a week; this was on Saturday, when he purchased a liver, boiled it, and served it up without any of the usual trimmings making—as Dr. Leichhardt described—'a most nauseous and offensive repast.'" Consequently, he retained an aversion to that part of an animal, so we excused him.

During the greater part of our outward journey, the Doctor and myself were much together. He often entertained me with accounts of his early struggles and disappointments. He owed his success hitherto to Englishmen. He had left his home, as a

young man, without serving his time—three years, I think—as a soldier, consequently an embargo of some kind was laid upon the property of his father, who had suffered much thereby. He dared not now return, as he was still liable to some sort of punishment. “But he hoped that when his fame as a successful traveller was fully established, and when his name was familiar in his own country, and resounded everywhere as an explorer and discoverer, that, by the aid of the many influential and scientific friends which this would gather round him, the way would be opened up for a full pardon, and permission granted to him to return to his own country, where, besides his own dear relatives, there was his “lady love” whom he hoped some day to make his wife, and who would share his honours with him.

“He looked upon illustrations in a book as superfluous.” a correct description of the country, altogether from a naturalist’s point of view, he thought to be quite sufficient. “Sketches never conveyed a true idea of a country.” He had permitted some of Murphy’s (one of the Doctor’s former companions) drawings to be inserted in his book for the purpose of humouring him, and at the request of some of his friends. “He really had no taste for drawing, nor could he distinguish one picture from another any more than he could distinguish one tune from another; he did not like music, there were only two tunes he cared to listen to, they were the Huntsman’s Chorus in *Der Freischütz* and the Overture to *Massaniello*.” Beautiful views and landscapes had no charm for him, he did not appreciate them at all. “All nature,” he said “is beautiful to me. I could pass my life in a dingy scrub, so long as I could follow my favourite pursuits ‘Botany and Natural History,’ as readily as I could live in the midst of what you call charming scenery. I have seen most of the remarkable places in Europe.” “Well! what then?” “I can only say that I have seen them.” I told him that he was correct only to a certain extent, no doubt the beauties and wonders of nature existed, more or less, in every object, but by confining one’s self to a “dark scrub” much of the poetry of nature was lost sight of. For my part I delighted at looking at a pretty view, and watching all the beautiful ever changing tints, I could look upon some scenes for hours. I never lost an opportunity of ascending a hill in order to

gain an insight into the surrounding country. I liked to scan the horizon with my telescope, and in a new country like this, there was a sort of charm in feeling that the vast expanse one looked over had, as yet, never been trodden by the foot of a white man.

He replied "You have one way of enjoying nature, myself another; follow your tastes by all means. I do not care to climb those hills myself, I am content so as you bring all specimens of plants and insects you may find on your way. For myself I do enjoy scenes close at hand, and the examination of things, however small, even, I could find a pleasure in skinning a flea." Yes, I replied, there is much to be learnt scientifically from a flea, but if about a dozen relatives of that flea were unpleasantly scattered over your body during the operation, getting a feed at your expense, and you had to rub yourself against a stump for relief, the science and poetry would vanish at the same time.

Notwithstanding his constant reference to "Providence," his religious opinions were very lax. It was difficult to make out what religion he professed; he certainly was not a Christian, he might have been a Unitarian. He often described the arguments of some of his tutors in their endeavours to explain the principles of their tenets; he confessed that he could never comprehend them. Judging from more circumstances than one, I believe him to have been a Jew. Bœcking, his countryman, a most intelligent, well-informed man, was of the same opinion. It was suggested to him by some of our party that prayers should be read every Sunday, his reply was: "I do not care for those things myself, but if you choose to have them among yourselves, I have no objection."

As may be supposed topics of conversation had become scarce among us. We had each recounted the principal events of our lives, and many of our stories had become stale. A copy of Bloomfield's Poems and a Prayer Book were the only books in the camp, the former Perry had brought with him, each of us had read it, and the book was pretty well thumbed. Still we often managed a joke and a laugh, notwithstanding our uncomfortable situation in the midst of rain and mud, but illness gradually put a stop to all our social conversations.

As we approached Peak Range, the Doctor became still more reticent and reserved, he appeared to desire privacy, so I did not more than necessary intrude upon him. I only crawled into the tent when it rained too heavily to remain outside. I soon accidentally found that, one reason at least, his desire for seclusion was to enable him to cook and eat some of our reserved stores! I suppose that he was right in doing so. No doubt many of his admirers will say that he was. He was the leader. He had still fame to seek, consequently his health, and possibly his life had to be considered. Never mind his companions.

On the 30th April Dr. Leichhardt had expressed his doubts to me as to the success of this expedition. These thoughts had entered his mind previously. It was quite evident to us all that unless we could recover our stock we could not proceed. We felt our position acutely. "What will they say to us in Sydney if we return, and nothing to show for our work?" was the general remark. We had hoped that the bracing air of Peak Downs would have restored us to health, and possibly, but for the bad meat, we would have regained our strength; but that not being the case, and having lost our stock, there was no alternative but to return.

From the time when the state of our affairs began to look serious, the Doctor's manner became cool towards me, and this was aggravated by my discovering that he was the delinquent who was tampering with our reserved stores. This annoyed him very much. As it was evident he wanted to quarrel with me, I was still more cautious in my attitude towards him. I never in any instance, in any one way, neglected my duty or swerved in my allegiance, and I could not help contrasting his affectionate manner to me on the Mackenzie with his cold behaviour now. But Dr. Leichhardt had a reputation to sustain, and he, no doubt, fancied that he could do that more easily by sacrificing some of his companions rather than, by acknowledging in a manly manner that, when he promised health to us all, he had promised more than he could fulfil.

I have already made some remarks about the medicine chest. Of course I do not mean to say that any amount of medicine would, under the circumstances, have prevented this outbreak of fever. But no doubt our sufferings would have been

greatly alleviated had a certain amount been properly administered. That not being the case, when other troublesome complaints supervened, and no remedy was available, our position was painful in the extreme.

The Doctor obstinately praised the putrid soup "because he had soup on his former journey." He promised us "health, fine weather," and all sorts of things, because he enjoyed those advantages before. These arguments, which he endeavoured to impress upon us, were unworthy of a school boy, and appear doubly ridiculous when made by a man of Dr. Leichhardt's calibre.

Fortunately I had taken a variety of articles. I had collected and put them together at the time I commenced fitting out for a journey to go in search of him. I kept them on the bare possibility of Dr. Leichhardt having omitted some of them in his list. I soon found that I was correct in my conjecture. Not one of the following useful articles had been thought of: By means of a palm, sail-needles, and twine, I was enabled to repair the canvas bags. A small file, cold-chisel, and punch, enabled me to mend many things. I had also provided some sole leather, wax-ends, and cobblers' tools, fish-hooks and lines, scissors and knives, needles and thread. For my gun I had a cleaning rod and spare nipples. These and other articles I had enumerated to the Doctor. He replied, "I have everything you mention."

In the first instance, before meeting the Doctor, I had taken a few lessons in boot making: this knowledge proved most serviceable; and Mr. G. Whitfield, of King-street, from whom I obtained my gun, afforded me many valuable hints as to its use and care.

My education had been somewhat a mechanical one, I had gone through a course of military engineering and field sketching, the use of the sextant and artificial horizon, etc., and had learnt the art of knotting, splicing, and plaiting. I was consequently enabled to improve upon the clumsily-made tether ropes, halters, and hobbles which the Doctor had been accustomed to use. There were thirteen mules and fifteen horses, or twenty-eight pairs of hobbles to be kept in order; this item alone fell heavily upon Perry and myself.

A mule would wear out a pair of hobbles in one third the time a horse would. When free, he would walk off blowing

his own trumpet, and take with him as many of his companions as were foolish enough to try and keep up with him. The trouble this often caused us was immense. Not only were the leather straps worn through, but the chains also; the worn out links had to be cut off and the chain united by wire, so long as the wire lasted, and then by strips of hide. Our mules, notwithstanding their many peculiarities, soon became accustomed to their duty. It was necessary to blindfold them while loading, but they would remain quite still to be unloaded. When they thought they had travelled far enough for the day they would run up to the nearest tree and wait there; occasionally they made a good guess as to distance, but more often they considered that three or four miles was quite sufficient.

As to whether mules were better than oxen for pack animals was a question which the Doctor often discussed, but do not think that he ever came to a conclusion upon. Oxen are slow, but they are sure, they will struggle through a swamp, while a mule will be hopelessly stuck fast. The mules, on the other hand, are so quick in their movements that we were often enabled to have our camp arranged and the dinner ready by the time the cattle arrived. Mules carefully loaded, and in no instance carrying more than one hundred and fifty pounds, will travel the ten miles easily at a fast walking pace.

Sheep do not travel in hot weather, nor the goats in wet, so that our progress was greatly retarded. Independent of the failure of our medical stores and other mishaps, a mistake was made by having such a variety of animals to look after: no less than five different kinds. By dispensing with the sheep and goats, the number of our party might have been lessened by two individuals.

Our dogs proved themselves to be respectively the best of their class. The most hardy and determined of them was "Camden," a half-bred blood and kangaroo dog; he never became footsore or knocked up. The difficulty of providing food for them necessitated the destruction of poor Norval. No doubt we owed our protection against the natives, who were constantly on our tracks, to the vigilance of our dogs; the blacks could not approach our camp without alarming these faithful animals. On one occasion only had we to turn out: this was on the Mackenzie

river. Wammai raised the alarm, his sharp ears and natural instinct detected the approach of natives. All who were strong enough to hold a gun at once took shelter behind the packs : the Doctor with a saddle on his head for a helmet, saddle bags across his shoulders for armour, and sword in hand, made rather a comical figure. He could not use a gun. The fierce barking of our dogs, especially of Camden, appeared to have caused the blacks to change their mind, for after a time silence prevailed, and we passed the remainder of the night in quietness. Here again the Doctor acknowledged the advantage of my plan for forming an encampment.

After recruiting at the hospitable residence of Mr. Russell, Cecil Plains, the Doctor, accompanied by Messrs. Bunce and Perry, and Brown (one of the blacks), Bœcking being to ill to move, made a short journey of a few weeks, in order to inspect a tract of country reported on by Sir Thomas Mitchell. On his return to Sydney, he forwarded a letter, dated 20th October, 1847, of which the accompanying is a copy, to his brother-in-law in Germany :—

“Sydney, October 20th, 1847.

“My dear Brother-in-law,

“Here I am back again from a journey of discovery, not in the glow of success, with flags waving and a nation's applause resounding in my ears, but exhausted with illness, and my companions each more dissatisfied than the other. In order to lead them back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I found myself obliged to return before I had even entered the unexplored country. The causes of this failure may be described as follows :—In the first place, the young men I had with me were not experienced bushmen. They belonged to Sydney, and had been accustomed to the easy, effeminate style of a city life. Their constitutions wanted that elasticity which would have enabled them, when overtaken by illness, to recover fast, and their minds were unfit to take a contented, self-adapting view of circumstances ; in short, they could not confine their attention to the present, but were always looking back to the pleasures and comforts they had left behind them in Sydney. Their whole interest in the undertaking was pecuniary and selfish. They expected, at the return of the expedition, that they would be rewarded with Government appointments and public money. Having witnessed our reception in Sydney, on our return from Port Essington, they thought to win similar laurels, overlooking, however, the difficulties that lay in the way. Once started on this journey, when the difficulties com-



menced, their firmness was suddenly shaken. Instead of remembering their former professions of gratitude to me for taking them with me, they began to regard me as a hard taskmaster, and to distrust me as if I wished to take unfair advantage of them. In my first expedition I had only oxen with me, which we used for transport of stores, and slaughtered one by one as we required them for consumption. From the very first we limited ourselves to our daily rations, and lived for the most part on dried beef. The consequence was that we soon acquired a first-rate appetite and a sound digestion. On this last expedition, however, we had mules for transport, and cattle besides for consumption—thirty-eight oxen, two hundred and ninety goats, and one hundred and eight sheep. We began by killing one every day; they were in splendid condition, but one was only sufficient for nine men. We had but little bread, and no vegetables to counterbalance this large amount of animal food. Very frequently our healths got deranged, and our bodies became peculiarly susceptible of disease. This evil was aggravated when the rainy season came on, and we had to cross swollen rivers, marching for hours in damp clothes, and sleeping night after night on the damp ground. At length one of the overflooded streams brought us to a standstill, and as there was no alternative but to cross it, we had to remain three weeks on this side before we could do so.

“The past season has been extremely wet throughout the whole colony, and the ‘three days’ fever’ has broken out in places where it had never before been observed.

“When we contrived to cross the Mackenzie, this fever had so weakened the party, that we had to camp three weeks longer on the other side. Even then it was only by sheer force I could get the party to advance, and in this way we proceeded seventy miles further. Then the growing discontent of my comrades broke out openly. They would not undergo the least exertion, or risk to assist me or my blacks. What little they did was done badly, and altogether they were more of a hindrance than a help to us. To complete my misfortunes, the goats went astray, then the few remaining oxen, and lastly some of the mules and horses. Our only hope of escape was a speedy return. Hitherto I had not suffered much from ill-health, but now I was seized in all my joints—fingers, arms, back, and knees—with the most dreadful rheumatism, which rendered me so helpless that I could neither mount nor dismount from my horse. On reaching Russell’s station, at Darling Downs, I remained there a fortnight to recruit, after which I felt sufficiently strong for another journey of five or six hundred miles, which I wished to take in order to determine the course of the Condamine, and

generally to investigate the the district intervening between my previous explorations and Sir Thomas Mitchell's. I accomplished this journey in about six weeks, and in the process effectually rid myself of rheumatism, by exposing the affected parts to the scorching influence of an Australian sun, which acted like a blister. Then I hastened back to Sydney to make preparations for a new expedition. Before I left Darling Downs I had the pleasure to hear five of my mules having found their way back to the settled districts. This will be a considerable saving to me. It will cost about £200 to equip a fresh expedition. My original outlay for the last was about £650 so I shall be altogether £850 out of pocket. In Germany that would be thought a very nice sum; but I live, I exist alone in this undertaking, and leave God to provide for the future. In your welcome letter you give me some good advice; but I cannot follow it, it goes against my nature and my ambition. I am urged on by an irresistible impulse to study the physical character of this country, and solve, if possible, its enigmas. To a man of science it presents a vast and beautiful field of research. Had I the right sort of companions I could wander through the Australian wilds as happy as the son of an Irish king; but to find such is extremely difficult. Most of those who offer themselves to me are young men of unsound constitutions and loose habits, who are reduced to a last shift for a livelihood. The members of my first expedition were, with two exceptions, all boys so that I was enabled to enforce obedience and order amongst them. In my next I shall have with me Mr. Lasse, a well educated young man from Hamburg, who, during twelve years of travel in all quarters of the globe, has undergone numerous hardships, and thus qualified himself for work like mine."

(Signed) LUDWIG LEICHHARDT.

I immediately inserted a suitable reply which appeared in the *Herald* 31st January, 1866, and allowed the subject to rest.

The *Athenæum* of December 10th, 1881, in reviewing the publication of "Dr. Leichhardt's letters to his relatives" edited by Dr. Numayer, makes use of the following remarks. After quoting these words as used by Dr. Leichhardt:—" *I must follow my instincts, it is a beautiful wild field, and if I had but good companions, I should be as happy wandering through the Australian forests as the son of an Irish king. But it is hard to get good comrades.*" The reviewer then adds, "*the need of these wrecked the second expedition, and it is presumed may have led to the disaster of the last.*"

I think I have shown in the preceding pages that this statement is wholly devoid of truth, the writer having been unwittingly led to make it solely by the misrepresentation of Doctor Leichhardt.

The style of the composition of these letters, emanating as they do, from a man who had gained such a distinguished name for himself will doubtless cause them to be widely circulated, and if the misrepresentations expressed therein are allowed to pass unchallenged, they will be the means of perpetuating the grossest libels not only upon myself, the now sole survivor, but also upon the memory of his other companions, who served him so faithfully on this ill-fated expedition.

How do the friends of Dr. Leichhardt reconcile the statement made by him, the one in his letter to his friend Lieut. Lynd, dated 1st August, 1847, and the other to his brother-in-law, dated 20th October following?

To those who take an interest in this affair, it must appear strange that a man of Dr. Leichhardt's capacity, and a medical man too, should, after his former experience, and having had six or seven months to consider the matter, select so many (according to his own account) ill-conditioned young men for a journey of this description.

He evidently desires to make it appear that, with the exception of occasional indisposition, he and his blacks did not suffer at all, and was obstructed in his movements solely by the bad conduct of the other members of his party. Such was far from being the case.

When the Doctor was ill, which he frequently was, of course all our movements were at a standstill. When he rallied he showed no consideration whatever for the invalids; he expected them to perform duties at times when they were wholly incapable of moving. On one occasion he ordered Perry to accompany him in search of some cattle at a time when Perry was quite unconscious of his doings. We lifted the poor fellow on a horse which the Doctor led through the bush for about half an hour. Again, he ordered Bœcking to accompany him on a similar duty; he was so ill that Turnbull volunteered to go in his place, but Dr. Leichhardt would not allow it, and many other instances.

The statement that "their whole interest in the undertaking was pecuniary and selfish" is altogether a false one. It arose possibly out of the following conversation. Among the many subjects which we discussed, a question was asked by someone as to what we should do with all the money we would receive on our return to Sydney. This led to some laughing comments.

Dr. Leichhardt said that he would invest his money in a station, and when it was suggested to him that the Government would also give him a grant of some of the land he had discovered, he replied, "If the Government allow me to choose the locality, and I purchase cattle, I will select Ruined Castle creek; but if I decide upon buying sheep, then I will select Peak Range." The mere fact of the conversation shows at least that our intentions were favourable for the completion of the journey.

I made no bargain or stipulation whatever for payment or reward, neither did Messrs. Hely or Turnbull. My own outlay in providing instruments, gun, clothes, saddlery, &c., amounted to over £100. I paid my own fare by steamer to Brisbane, and my expenses during the three or four weeks I was delayed at that place, and at Ipswich—in all at least £150. We have Mrs. Perry's own statement as regards her husband and Bœcking. I believe there was an understanding between the Doctor and Mr. Bunce as to the division of the plants. Whatever sneering remarks Dr. Leichhardt may make on the subject of rewards, he was not above receiving a handsome grant from this Government, and a sum of money raised by public subscription. Had this expedition been successful, and had our country chosen to act in the same liberal manner, I, for one, would not have felt insulted at being offered a share. On no account would I have taken any sort of remuneration from the Doctor, I had ample means of my own, and quite independent of him on that matter. Mr. Hely, too, was possessed of sources of independence and had left his station and farms to follow the Doctor.

Then what did we go for? is a question likely to be asked. The feeling which instigated me in undertaking this journey was the same which inspired Dr. Leichhardt himself—a desire to explore a new and unknown country, with a love for adventure and enterprise. It is difficult to describe the feelings which

animate one on these occasions. Young men of health, strength, and education will never be wanting for such enterprises as this. The same feeling animated the breasts of all ; and, though Dr. Leichhardt enjoyed the additional advantage of being an accomplished naturalist, I am confident that he had not the success of the expedition more at heart than myself and companions.

Doctor Leichhardt asserts that after crossing the Mackenzie it was only by sheer force he could get the party to advance another seventy miles.

From his conversation with me on the 30th April, as already detailed, it is evident that he had then, if not before that date, seen the hopelessness of our position. On that day he supposed himself to be in a dying state. "I am going down—down—down," he repeated often, and was in a most depressed state of mind. He asked us individually whether we wished to proceed or not ; we gave a most unanimous reply in the affirmative, and so advanced the party another twenty or thirty miles. We had heard so much about the beautiful open country of Peak Downs, that we felt satisfied if we could only reach that locality, our troubles would be at an end. Evidently the Doctor would have preferred a negative reply.

Regarding the Doctor's remark, "The growing discontent of my comrades broke out openly," most likely refers to the comments he might have occasionally overheard, while helping himself to the reserved stores. It cannot be supposed that this act of the Doctor's passed unheeded. He was the first to suggest the "taboo" of this provision, in which we most sincerely concurred ; he was the first to break the sanctity of the arrangement. Both the blacks suffered greatly, Brown especially. This is how he treated the "faithful" fellow—

26th April. Brown was very ill, I thought in a dangerous state. I asked what I could do for him. He said, "I would give anything for a little tapioca and sugar." Told the Doctor. The Doctor replied, "*Take a little flour and make some paste for him ; on no account give him sugar ; let him have salt.*" We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that the reserve supply was not very large, and would soon be exhausted.

Of the "effeminate" men who formed this party, my diary records Mr. Hely's services. No one can deny that he performed his duty faithfully on this occasion. Accompanied by Brown, he was absent from the camp on one occasion for eleven, and on another for nine or ten days searching for stray cattle, besides being otherwise constantly employed on similar duties. Both he and his companion were in a weak and sickly state, their provisions were scanty and bad, and they were completely without shelter against the rain, and latterly from the bitterly cold nights.

In 1851, Mr. Hely led a party in search of Dr. Leichhardt.

Mr. Turnbull, no doubt, was leading a very effeminate life on a cattle station at Gloucester in the employment of the A. A. Company. The Doctor induced him to leave that service and to follow him.

Perry was a most valuable acquisition, a fine manly young fellow. He accompanied the Doctor to Fitzroy Downs. Bœcking also was a most valuable man. He was too ill to accompany Doctor Leichhardt to Fitzroy Downs, but accompanied him on his last journey, so that his fate may be surmised.

Mr. Bunce also accompanied the Doctor to Fitzroy Downs. About a year after our return, when encamped on the Yass river, to my great astonishment, Mr. Bunce made his appearance. I recognised him at a long distance, jogging along on his old horse, with his pockets full of plants as usual. We passed the day together, and fully discussed all circumstances in connection with our unfortunate journey. He was then on his way to Melbourne, having travelled many hundreds of miles in following out his favourite pursuits.

As for myself, early in 1848, I received an appointment in the Survey Department, New South Wales, which was somewhat congenial to my taste. For a period of thirty years since then in carrying out my duties, I have travelled many thousands of miles over every description of country, from the rugged mountain to the arid plain, exposed to every variety of climate and weather. Fully twenty years of this period I lived in a tent. I am still alive and in good health. So much for another effeminate man. Where then does this effeminacy creep in?

It is difficult to comprehend from Dr. Leichhardt's point of view what constitutes a companion?

If he is supposed to be one who, while exerting all his energies, risking his health, and possibly his life, in forwarding the leaders views, is, at the same time, to consider himself as nothing better than an abject slave, without any self respect; not daring to express an idea, or to hold an opinion, to be taunted and looked upon with suspicion, to be called upon to perform duties when prostrated by illness, &c. No doubt a difficulty will be found in obtaining such a person.

If, on the other hand, young men of health, strength, and intelligence are required, men who will go heart and soul into any enterprise, they can be readily obtained. Of such men Dr. Leichhardt's second expedition was composed. Unfortunately the leader did not appreciate their qualities.

A period of forty years of my life now passed in wandering through the Australian forest enables me to express this opinion. I speak from actual experience.

I think it unnecessary to refute in detail all the Doctor's accusations. He evidently did not appreciate the object of granting rewards and ovations to anyone but himself.

Notwithstanding my appreciation of scientific pursuits, with a strong desire to encourage knowledge in all its branches, I strongly protest against such hero worship which, while it raises a man to the pinnacle of infallibility, serves to degrade or to lower in public estimation the character of his companions, or of any one who can conveniently be made a scapegoat.

The hero can do no wrong. Whatever misfortune or accident may occur through mismanagement, bungling, incompetency, or obstinacy on the part of the hero, is at once shelved on to the shoulders of some one else; it little matters who it is so long as the hero can clear himself, or his admirers clear the hero.

Dr. Leichhardt, in his letter to his brother-in-law, having most grossly slandered his companions, I have thought fit to write a true account of this unfortunate affair, as I have no desire that my children, and possibly those of my companions, should ever feel that their parents had acted so unworthily.

Having accidentally met Mr. Chauvel, who, with Mr. Blyth, so kindly administered to our wants on the Condamine river, I

asked him to be kind enough to supply me with an account and description of our meeting. Mr. Chauvel's reply, dated 26th April, 1882, Sydney, I now insert. Also letters from Mrs. Perry, the widow of Mr. Perry, who accompanied us; from Mr. George Mocatta, who was at Jimbour on our return; and, lastly, from Mr. H. Stuart Russell, Cecil Plains.

“Sydney, 26th April, 1882.

“Dear Sir,

“In compliance with your request, I have much pleasure in giving you some of my recollections relative to the return of Dr. Leichhardt and party, of which you were a member, from his first attempt to reach Swan river.

“In the month of June or July, 1847, I was camped with some sheep, in company with the late J. A. Blyth, on a chain of lagoons near the left bank of the Condamine river. Very early one morning I heard a shot fired, in the direction of the river, and presently afterwards, two or three cooys. I immediately fired a gun off in reply, thinking it was some one who had lost his way in the bush. I then walked in the direction from which I had heard the shot, and had not proceeded far when I met a person on horseback, enveloped in a red blanket, looking very sallow and extremely thin and ill.

“He said his name was Turnbull, and that he was one of Dr. Leichhardt's party. I was much surprised, and remarked that after his return from Port Essington the Doctor had started for Swan river, some nine months previously. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘but we were obliged to turn back, owing to sickness and consequent loss of cattle and want of provisions. The remainder of the party are camped a little way up the river, on the opposite side. We heard a dog's bark last night, and thinking we must be close to some station, I left the camp this morning to endeavour to get some provisions.’ I at once took Mr. Turnbull up to our tent, and while he was having some breakfast Blyth started off—a man following with some mutton, damper, tea and sugar—to their camp. Shortly afterwards Mr. Turnbull and I went over to it. I found the party camped at two separate fires. There appeared to have been some differences, but though I spent the greater part of the day with them, and twice saw Dr. Leichhardt afterwards, I never heard him attribute the failure of the expedition to having bad companions. In fact, I think one of his own letters, published in the newspapers soon after your return, says differently. The reason I heard given was that you were all attacked by fever and ague, and unable to look after the cattle, which were lost; and that for a long time previous to my meeting you,



you had all been living on a very small allowance of hard dried beef (some strips of which were shown to me), without flour, and without tea or sugar (I forget which). The whole party looked very emaciated and weak. The following morning I think you went to Mr. Goggs' station.

"I saw Dr. Leichhardt twice afterwards, once when he was returning with a party from a short expedition down the Condamine, and afterwards in March, 1848, when he and his party staid with me a night at Weeambilla creek, on their way out to endeavour a second time to reach Swan river, a journey from which they have never returned.

"On none of these occasions did I hear Dr. Leichhardt say that the want of success in the former expedition was attributable to his having bad companions with him. It cannot be supposed that Dr. Leichhardt ever intended that his private letter of which you complain should be published, and, had he been alive, probably never have permitted it. I can fully sympathise with you in your annoyance, and regret that there should be the slightest cause for it, as I have always felt pleasure in cherishing the memory of Leichhardt and his companions (in the expeditions I have alluded to), most, if not all, of whom, except yourself, have long since been dead.

"Yours etc.,

"A. B. CHAUVEL."

I ascertained that Mr. Perry had been dead for some time. I here give a copy of a letter received from his widow, a daughter of Mr. Knox, the saddler, who had provided all the saddlery which Dr. Leichhardt used on his two expeditions. Mrs. Perry had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with the Doctor.

"Bombala, June 8, 1882.

"Dear Mr. Mann,

"I regret to inform you that Mr. Perry's journal was destroyed by fire, along with other valuable papers. There were none of the party to get any pay whatever, with the exception of a man the name of Meyers, a countryman of the Doctor's. He was a married man with a family. He was the only man among the party that Dr. Leichhardt promised any money to. The Doctor left his allowance with Mr. Lynd, of the Military Barracks, which Mr. Lynd was to send regularly by his servant, whose name was Home, to Mrs. Meyers. I suppose this allowance was stopped when Meyers returned. That is the only agreement that I know of in which Dr. Leichhardt promised money to any of his companions. As you are well aware, Meyers begged to be allowed to return soon after the expedition left the last station; he was so frightened

he would not get enough to eat that the Doctor sent him back, although Meyers was the only one that asked to go out. I believe he was the only one that begged to go out with the Doctor, as all the rest were young men, and had no need to travel out into the wilds of Australia in the hopes of getting paid. The Doctor was the only one who expected the greatest compensation ; indeed, nothing shorter than knighthood would have satisfied him, for I heard him say myself, 'If Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of England should deem me worthy of knighthood when I return, I shall look for no further honour.' I believe it was only for the love of travel and to see the country that most of the young men went out. Of course they expected to get something for risking their lives if they had been successful in opening up the country.

"The first disaster was sickness. The Doctor led his men through a marshy country, and, of course, the men took fever and ague, and, owing to the Doctor not having any medicine chest, the men were soon unable to stand. To show how weak the men were for want of proper medicine, I remember Mr. Perry telling me that it took five of the company to milk a goat, and the goat upset you all. I believe your artist took a sketch of it. That letter to his brother-in-law, dated 20th October, brings his expedition to a strange termination. What became of his companions? Did he leave them in the forest, or did the men leave him? I believe that letter has been tampered with, because I know that the Doctor wanted Mr. Perry away with him again on his last expedition, and would not close his list of names until the very last day, as a proof of his good feeling. I shall write, if I am spared next week, more particulars.

(Signed)

"ISABELLA PERRY."

As Mrs. Perry herself was an invalid, I received no further communication, so presume that she was to unwell to write further.

Mr. Geo. Mocatta, who was at Jimbour when we returned there, writes as follows :

"Cotele House, Auckland, N.Z.,

"2nd April, 1883.

"My Dear Sir,

"In reply to your question as to my having been at Jimbour, a station on the Condamine river, Darling Downs, Queensland, belonging to Messrs. Bell and Sons, in 1847. I perfectly well remember being there in that year, at the time you and others of Leichhardt's second expedition party arrived in a lamentably weakly and sickly condition, worn and trembling in ague and fever, and I shall never forget the

marvellous inroads the party made upon the food set before them, which none but men who had been on the verge of starvation could have effected.

"It was quite evident to me, and all who were there, that the party was perfectly unfit to prosecute its intended object, and had it not returned when it did, it never would have done so.

(Signed) "GEO. MACOTTA."

The following is a reply from Mr. H. Stuart Russell in answer to my request that he would be kind enough to afford me certain information regarding Dr. Leichhardt :

"North Willoughby,

"1st October, 1884.

"My Dear Mann,

"How keenly your letter of the 22nd instant recalls the days which you refer to my recollection. Your return in weakness, and the wearying despondency of your failure in being successful with Leichhardt upon his second effort to explore the northern parts of what is now known as Queensland, in 1846. How, too, the Doctor's emaciated length of frame, and the poor plight of all your party struck me in evidence of your past distress and toil under so great difficulty—difficulty in the bush most of all; want of strength subdued by sickness. I admired with edification the philosophy of your speechless arguments with a round of Cecil Plains beef, when a few hours had wooed and won back all your appetites and rest at my old hut. There comes back to me, too, the remembrance of awaking one night from sleep, impregnated by the odour of roasting meat—you and the others happily unconscious. Why! Leichhardt must be hungry again, I thought. I went to the room which he occupied alone, found him broiling and frizzling his shoulder over the flame of a fat lamp. 'Ah,' said he, 'this is better to bear than my horrible rheumatism.' I went back, thankful that I had never gone to the 'stake.'

"I recall, too, the manifest absence of 'comradeship' from the party, and admit now that I was not surprised.

"But you put a plain question to me with reference to the strange beasts which joined your cattle at Goggs' station. The mention you made to me of the occurrence is quite fresh in my mind. I did express my satisfaction that you had not taken the cow. She was one of a herd which I had on terms from Cory and Taylor, and was not my property. I was responsible for her, and all like branded and entrusted to me; the brand was PM, and an arrow on the shoulder and rump. I recovered those which had strayed to Goggs' run. To any of my own brand Leichhardt was welcome, but these were not mine to give.

"You ask me to tell you all I can about Leichhardt. I must then ask your patience while I retrace the days before your visit in company with him. . . ."

Mr. Russell then gives a most interesting account of a journey he made in exploring Wide Bay, Fraser and Bribes Islands, the river Mary, and so on to the Bunya-Bunya ranges, but he must give his own account of his explorations, which, as an old pioneer, is full of interest. He continues—

"I at once returned to Cecil Plains, and with my stockman, than whom a better bushman never rode, and a black boy, went away to seek the system of waters which I had fallen in with on the coast. We succeeded after many weeks.

"On re-approaching my station on the Condamine, I espied two mounted men, one of whom wore a tall black hat! Such an apparition of town life to me by-gone, startled the very pipe out of my mouth. My tired horse pricked up his ears, and may have even shied at the unknown animal.

"This bush-eccentric type of dress, however, shadowed the temples of the now illustrious Leichhardt. His companion was my dear short-sighted friend, G. K. Fairholme, both at a loss which way to go to find my head-station, gladly hailed and soon were with me 'huttet' and at home! The long loneliness was compensated by this pleasing *recontre*, and so we three dwelt together awhile. Of course I had to recount what I had met with, as well as my conclusions as to the waters flowing northward from the Bunya Bunya country, which seemed to me the apex of the eastern coast watershed; expressed my belief that a trip to the Gulf of Carpentaria and Port Essington could be accomplished with less difficulty than the distance threatened, and the hope that I might be permitted to try it, as my late companion—my stockman, William Orton—had expressed a strong wish to go with me if I made the attempt. Leichhardt eagerly took up the subject, hatched his own scheme, and having pressed me to promise—which I did not—to join him in such an undertaking, went to Sydney to nurture and mature it.

"Estimable as Leichhardt had become in my eyes, I now confess that I had learnt even at that time to think that even in the quality of a bushman of those days, he was not one with whom I should have been content to travel in search of new country. He appeared to me to be wanting in—what I may term, perhaps—the instincts of a rough and ready 'bushman.' When in doubt, difficulty, or danger, in almost intuitively forming the most probably correct 'lay' of a country, and the gift of

mapping almost after a few days travel (and I have known a blackfellow *compagnon de voyage* incomparable in this), the most likely courses of a new system of drainage. Wanting also in ready expedients against the risk of being deprived of means of sustenance—especially water. And it struck me that he had so much faith in a 'mission' that he would—as I have now reason to believe he did—neglect precautions reasonable enough against hostility from blacks. My ultimate refusal to be one of his first party was doubtlessly based on these suspicions of his fitness to be a leader, notwithstanding his energy, courage and perseverance, his position and line, he could of course work out by his ability in the use of instruments and scientific appliances, such as a bushman had not, this seemed to me to be but a poor prospect towards success. However high the pedestal upon which the statue of Leichhardt may be placed, however high the standard of his character, I cannot think that the less exalted attributes of the Australian bush explorer of those days (I put aside all official undertakings) in any degree helped him on to success; but who knows whether the lack of them did not help him and his associates on to their mysterious effacement from among his fellow men?

"And now, dear Mann, I must bring this to an end. In looking at some old papers, I find that I was proposed, after my return from Wide Bay in the boat, by my old friend Sir Charles Malcolm, then President of the Royal Geographical Society, as a member thereof. I had been in correspondence with him and Arrowsmith. I find among them a letter from a fellow traveller, in 1841, in the north, who returned to England thirty-nine years ago, addressed by him to Sir Charles, and which had afterwards been forwarded to me in Australia. In it I observe the following words, which refers to a time long before my meeting with Dr. Leichhardt, and which I quote to show how fixed my intentions had been to try it, had not the Doctor come upon the stage, and so far diluted my eagerness to reach Port Essington. 'Nothing,' wrote my friend to Sir Charles, 'would have delighted me more than to have accompanied him—(H. S. R.)—to the Gulf of Carpentaria, which would, I doubt not, have laid open a valuable country, into which Asiatic emigration (mark that, dear Mann) might be introduced to any extent required.'

"I have a map of Darling Downs and the coast, which was printed with my letters then in the hands of Sir C. Malcolm, which I made after my boat trip to the 'Monoboola.' If you would like to see it I will bring it.

"Truly yours,

(Signed) "H. STUART RUSSELL."

In conclusion, I wish to add a few remarks as to the probable fate of Dr. Leichhardt.

In 1851, Mr. H. Hely explored the country westerly as far as (I believe) the junction of the Thompson and Barcoo. Nothing authentic has as yet been discovered of the Doctor's movements since he left "civilization" on his last journey. Many reports from time to time have been circulated, and have temporarily attracted public attention. I never believed in those by Hume and Skuthorpe. I am fully persuaded that the Doctor and his whole party were carried away by a flood which suddenly overwhelmed them while traversing some low-lying valley. Their bones may now be lying scattered miles away from that spot.

These unexpected floods are by no means uncommon. I know of several instances. On one occasion I nearly lost some of my own men and all my horses by the sudden rise of water in a valley, though the weather had been fine and cloudless about my camp.

Had Dr. Leichhardt's party been killed by the natives or died of illness, some relics would be forthcoming, and many of the animals would have possibly found their way back to the starting point, as was the case on his former journey. The indestructible articles would have been handed by the natives from one tribe to another, in place of being now most likely in the bed of a watercourse, covered with sand or mud.

On stating my opinion on this matter at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Melbourne, I was much gratified to hear those distinguished explorers, Messrs. Giles and Forest, express similar views on this subject.

An opportunity is now presented to any energetic young bushman for distinguishing himself. A few weeks occupied in thoroughly exploring the country over which Dr. Leichhardt would have to travel, would not be thrown away; much valuable information might be gained, and by the discovery of anything authentic as to books, papers, or instruments, but more especially as to the Doctor's ultimate fate, he would gain for himself well merited fame.

J. F. M.

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**SYDNEY :**  
**TURNER AND HENDERSON,**  
**PRINTERS.**

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## APPENDIX.

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### EIGHT MONTHS WITH DR. LEICHHARDT.

THE following is the letter referred to at page 73 as having been published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, on January 31st, 1866 :—

“(TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.)

“SIR,—Being one of the surviving companions of Leichhardt in the expedition of 1846-47, I cannot allow the accusations contained in the posthumous publication of his letter of the 20th October 1847, to pass unnoticed.

“Dr. Leichhardt attributes the failure of that expedition solely to the bad conduct of his party. He condemns them in the most measured terms, and states that they ‘were not experienced bushmen,’ but ‘belonged to Sydney, and had been accustomed to the easy, effeminate style of city life,’ and ‘that their whole interest in the undertaking was pecuniary and selfish.’

“What Dr. Leichhardt supposed our motives ought to have been in aiding him to further ovations—to a fresh ‘glow of success, with flags waving and a nation’s applause resounding’—might be left to some of his friends to conjecture who, affected by his noble ambition, could suppose him to have been devoted to the secondary and unrecognised part that is too often assigned to fellow travellers on the road to fame. But there is no need to do this. It is probable that many of my readers will be content to attribute something to the ardent, uncalculating temperament of youth, and the spirit of hardy adventure, that does not usually belong to ‘young men of unsound constitutions and loose habits,’ even if reduced to a last shift for a livelihood; in presence, too, be it remembered, of the many competent, though unchronicled men who were not wanting, and, thank God, never will be wanting, in the colony.

“My present purpose, however, is not to dilate on this point, but to relate some of the facts of the expedition referred to.

“Our party consisted of nine persons—seven whites and two blacks. It is true that two of the number were not bushmen, namely, Messrs. Bicking and Perry, but they amply made up by attention to their duties, being excellent and useful men. The rest had all bush experience; the doctor being the only bad



bushman among them—scarcely venturing to trust himself alone out of sight of the camps.

"The true cause of failure was the illness which attacked the whole party; and this, greatly aggravated by the almost total absence of medicine, so completely prostrated it, that it was at times wholly incapable of any exertion. Had Dr. Leichhardt honestly and openly told the truth in this matter I should have thought better of him. But by his account it would appear that his constitution was so 'elastic' and strong, that it was only towards the end of the journey that he suffered from rheumatism, whereas he was the first to be taken ill; and so weak was he when we arrived at the River Dawson, that, as he afterwards told me, he had serious apprehensions of the success of the expedition—even at that early stage of its progress, obtaining some medicine from Mr. Turnbull, he became, according to his own words, 'renovated, and quite a new man.'

"All went on smoothly then until the 12th of February (1847), when according to my diary, 'Mr. Bunce and Wammai' (one of the blacks) 'on arriving last night, showed symptoms of ague.' Again, on the 4th of March, 'Messrs. Turnbull and Perry complaining, the doctor souses Perry in the river' (Comet). From that date until the return and dispersion of the party about the 2nd of July, my journal gives a daily account of our sufferings, including those of Dr. Leichhardt and his blacks. I also find that on the 27th of April the doctor expressed himself to be in a dying state.

"Before leaving Charley's Creek we agreed, at Dr. Leichhardt's suggestion, to put aside 50 lb. of sugar with 50 lb of flour and tapioca, as a reserve for a few special occasions, among them the Queen's Birthday, and New Year's Day. This part of our supplies was placed in separate packages, and, having charge of the stores, I soon noticed from the clumsy manner in which these bags were re-tied, that some one had commenced visiting our reserve supplies. I then watched, and caught the doctor with his black silk neckerchief full of sugar. He was pleased to inform me that the sugar did him good, and on replying that it might do us good too, he said, 'No, it will turn acid on your stomachs.' He shortly after openly took possession of the bag of sugar, and one day, promising us a treat, it turned out to be a piece of the sugar bag, boiled in the water our tea was made of. I also discovered that, while he complained of our eating too much, he was supporting his own stamina by secretly supplementing his rations from other portions of our reserve supplies.

"In enumerating the live stock for consumption, '38 oxen, 290 goats, and 108 sheep,' the doctor continues:—'We began by killing one (what?) almost every day.' He should have specified a goat, for it was not until we had been out many weeks that he killed a single sheep or ox. The goats, instead of being in 'splendid' condition, were, as may readily be conceived, poor, thin, miserable

creatures, affording a tough, lean, unnutritious meat. Our full ordinary rations consisted of two pounds of flour daily for the party of nine persons (as long as it lasted), and we were allowed nine pounds (afterwards reduced to seven) of dried meat, for each man, weekly. We were truly, as the doctor says, in want of vegetables, and Mr. Bunce sowing some garden seeds on the banks of the M'Kenzie, our leader appropriated the mustard immediately it sprang up.

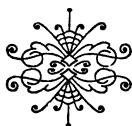
"Dr. Leichhardt had positively informed us that he possessed a most complete medicine chest, and a case of surgical instruments. The 'chest,' however, proved to be a small box principally occupied by six tins of arsenical soap; the remainder of its contents of some hartshorn, sweet spirits of nitre, camomile, tartar emetic, laudanum, and quinine—a small phial of each. The 'surgical instruments' were represented by a small knife for skinning birds, and an old bullet-mould for drawing teeth. In this most important aspect of our expedition, then, it is evident that we had been most grossly deceived. Dr. Leichhardt writes that after crossing the M'Kenzie River, it was only by sheer force that he could urge the party to proceed seventy miles further. 'They would not undergo the least exertion or risk to assist me or my blacks.' When the doctor was sick, the whole party was necessarily at a standstill; but when he rallied and others were afflicted, not the slightest consideration or mercy was shown to them. On the contrary, he required as much exertion from us, if he could have enforced it, as he did when we were in robust health; and this at times when we were reduced to the lowest state by weakness, by dysentery, and ague. His two blacks were as helpless as the rest, and sometimes it happened that many of the party at once were laid up in camp, perfectly helpless to leave it.

"The goats were not left behind through any neglect of ours, but of the doctor's own accord. He made up his mind to do so on the 15th of April, and on the 18th we started, 'leaving behind about 160 goats and 60 sheep,' as I find noted in my journal. The reason assigned by Dr. Leichhardt for this measure was that the animals retarded the progress of the party by their slow travelling. As for the cattle, being unable to 'tail' them efficiently, they strayed, and, on being frightened by blacks, divided into 'mobs.' After great search and toil, we recovered some at Peak Range, which the doctor subsequently allowed to escape, solely through his own carelessness. Finally we were left without any stock at all, excepting one horse each, with which we made our way back to Darling Downs.

"Notwithstanding the untoward result, I maintain, and so did Dr. Leichhardt until it struck him otherwise, that a better party never left Sydney. He was many months there organising his expedition, and leading that 'easy effeminate style of city life' that he was constantly seduced into by the hospitality of the inhabitants; and not only himself, but several of his future companions, who were in frequent communication with him during the period.

"It must ever be a regret to many, as it is to myself, that such misstatements should be disclosed after a lapse of so many years, and when the author, in all reasonable probability, had long ceased to exist. But the fault is chargeable to the vain and injudicious publication of the letter of October 20, 1847. Justice to myself and former comrades, some of whom no longer survive to defend themselves, denies a tacit consent to that kind of hero-worship that can imagine no defect in its object, and that can even paint it in glowing colours without the faintest idea of a dark shade in the picture. For my own part, in stating what I have done, I have written under pressure, and strictly bearing in mind an old proverb, or, rather, a better version of it, I have endeavoured throughout, in having to write of the dead, to do so truthfully.

"JOHN F. MANN."









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